

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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NEWS OF THE OLDEST ELEPHANT

NEWS BY TIN CAN

HOW ALICE'S PORTRAIT REACHED THE CN

Postman in a Canoe Among the Sharks

ALL THE WAY FROM TONGA

A most exciting envelope appeared among the Editor's post the other day, its official postmark announcing that it had been Dispatched by Tin Can Mail.

It was no joke; it *had* been posted in a tin can; and, what is more, the postmark gave the exact latitude and longitude of the place of posting, and it was a spot in the middle of the sea, off the island of Niuafoou.

Swimming With the Mail

This island is one of the Tonga group in the Southern Pacific, that group which is sometimes called the Friendly Islands because Captain Cook found the natives so hospitable. Niuafoou is remote from the others and so circled by coral reefs and dangerous currents that big boats cannot approach it, and we have told before in these pages how the island postman used to swim out about a mile to the mail boat from New Zealand, braving worse things than ill-humoured dogs, for sharks abound in those waters.

One poor fellow and his mail were carried off by a shark, and since then the postmen go out to the floating post office in canoes, carrying the outgoing mail in tin cans, which are hauled up the side of the mail boat by a line.

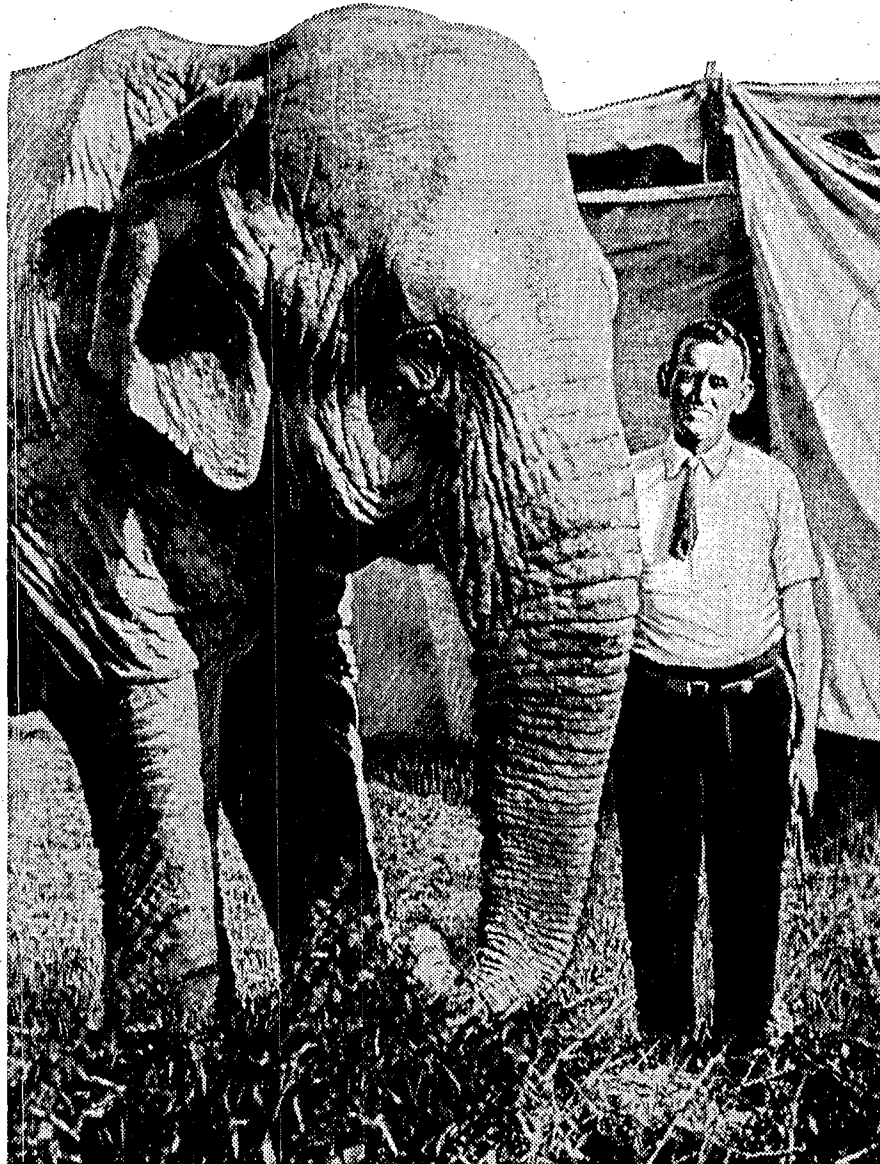
Never did the Editor expect to get a letter from Tin Can Island (as it is called, for nearly everything must float there in sealed cans); but the one which reached him the other day had actually made the journey to the island as well as from the island in a can. It happened like this.

The Queen on the Stamps

One of our New Zealand readers, a good friend of the CN, was cruising in the steamer Monowai when it passed near Niuafoou Island, and she decided to take the opportunity of posting her letters. They were dropped overboard in a watertight tin, with, presumably, enough to pay for the Tongan stamps; and luckily the islanders had not run out of stamps, which sometimes happens and delays the mail. The tin cans were duly collected by the canoe postman, and the letters stamped with the handsome blue portrait of Salote, Queen of the Tonga Islands, who with her Legislative Council rules with the aid of a British High Commissioner.

When the monthly mail boat from New Zealand anchored outside the dangerous coral reef the letters were taken out and posted on it, and in only 46 days from the time his letter was dropped overboard from the cruise steamer it arrived on the Editor's desk. The contents of

Alice, Aged 140, Poses For the CN



This is Alice-Across-the-World, brought out of her circus to be photographed for the CN. The photograph reached us by Tin Can Mail. See this page.

the letter were no less interesting than its tin can travels, for it contained three snapshots of Alice, dear wrinkled old Alice, who is now 140 years old.

It was only last year that the CN discovered Alice in Australia, still giving rides to the children as she used to in the London Zoo 70 years ago. Many are the grandparents who can remember going for a ride on Alice, and the cry that went up when her Jumbo was separated from her and sent to America in 1881. Later Alice herself started to

travel, for the Zoo sold her to Barnum's Circus, and after that she became a member of Wirth's Circus in Australia. There she still is, giving rides to children and helping to pack up the big tents and push the vans when the circus moves on.

She had gone to bed when our friend arrived to take her photograph, but she was brought out and posed specially for the CN, with her hundred wrinkles an' all an' all. We give one of these snapshots of old Alice, safely received after their journey on the South Seas in a tin can.

A Prince Has a Rare Day

CROWN PRINCE GUSTAF ADOLF OF SWEDEN has lately had an adventure such as rarely comes the way of princes.

He was motoring along a country road with his aide-de-camp when he saw flames issuing from the roof of a farmstead. He drove up to the house and, jumping out of the car, took stock of the situation. A number of people had collected round the fire, but there was not one among them who could direct

operations. So the Prince, seeing how things were, took charge.

It became at once apparent that it was too late to save the house, so he concentrated his efforts on the goods and chattels. Forming a chain of the bystanders, he himself went inside and began handing out furniture and household utensils, which were then passed on by each link of the chain. Time and again he appeared in the smoke-filled

PENNY-IN-THE-MUD

A Great Game By the Thames

THE DREDGING THAT NEVER ENDS

Boys by the Thames are playing the old game of penny-in-the-mud, for there is plenty of mud today.

The Thames never sleeps, but its mud soon would if it were left alone; and for this reason the dredging between the Pool of London and the mouth of the Estuary never ceases. Twenty-seven years ago it began with the declared intention of deepening the channel so as to let the big ships come up to the Victoria and Albert Docks. It is now entering on a new stage. The first new 1120-tons dredger has been launched.

It is called Gallions Reach after the stretch of river near Greenwich. Sister vessels of the new dredging fleet will be named after other reaches. Each will carry 1000 tons of mud and tow two other barges loaded with the same amount, every day for five days of the week, down the river to Deep Spoil ground. This, the dumping ground for unwanted Thames mud, is 40 miles long. In the past 20 years it has received 53,000 tons, enough to make a mountain half as high as Snowdon.

The Never-Ending Task

Since the large-scale dredging operations began 27 years ago the channel has been widened from the Nore to Gravesend at Tilbury Dock, a stretch of 25 miles. It has been deepened from there to the Royal Albert Dock, and today a vessel drawing 37 feet can gain admission to Dockland.

The cost has been over £3,000,000, and the task is never-ending; but it makes London the best and busiest port in the world, so the money is well spent. It may be added that the success of the operations depends on leaving the Thames and its tides to do their work as they have always done. A barrage would throw the depth and the directions of its estuary channels entirely out of gear.

And so it is that the great game of boys calling on passers-by to throw pennies in the mud, and then dashing into the mud to recover them, is now at its height, for it is a summer game and the dirty lads love it.

doorway carrying chairs and tables, pictures and china, only to vanish again the minute after. Even when the human chain broke because some were unable to endure the heat he persisted in his labour, so that finally he had to be fetched out by force, and a few minutes afterwards the roof fell in with a crash. He was covered with soot from head to foot and his clothes were ruined.

But what did he care for that? He had had a chance of doing the work of a man, and he was happy.

SALUTE TO HEROES

THE AGE OF ADVENTURE GOES ON

18 Hours in the Sky and
18 Weeks on the Sea

THE NEW WAY AND THE OLD ONE

The Age of Adventure is not dead. The airmen have lifted it to the clouds. It has not left the sailors on the seas.

It seems only the other day that airmen first crossed the Atlantic, and after them Colonel Lindbergh crossed it alone. But the last Atlantic crossings bring back all the old thrill of men daring to fly in the bright face of danger.

An English lady, Mrs Beryl Markham, is the first woman to fly alone across the North Atlantic from East to West.

Fighting Against Storms

Leaving Abingdon in Berkshire on Friday evening, Mrs Markham hoped to reach New York, but she met such stormy weather in the Atlantic that she was forced to alight owing to fuel shortage, after covering 2700 miles in 24 hours and flying blind for much of that time. Mrs Markham came down in a swamp at Baleine in Cape Breton Island, and unfortunately her plane was damaged and she was slightly hurt.

A day or two before Mrs Markham's flight Dick Merrill and Harry Richman took it into their heads to cross in a new way the ocean that Americans call the Pond. They would fly it at 11,000 feet, two miles up and well above the clouds, so as to avoid eddies and to get any benefit there might be from the steady north-east air current.

Flying Blind

A splendid idea, we can imagine these two Americans saying—let's go! So off they started on Wednesday evening after supper, taking hardly more than a sandwich for the journey, and they never saw land again till they came down at tea-time next day in Wales. Eighteen hours non-stop for 3500 miles.

They may have flown more, for this summary is only part of the short story. They were flying so high that they never saw Ireland when they crossed it, and hardly saw the ocean. They spent an hour and a half trying to get their bearings when they thought they ought to be near our cloudy islands; and this used up their reserve of petrol, so that they had to come down at last in a Welsh field, where three cows were all the population to welcome them.

If they hardly saw the ocean it seems that the Atlantic took notice of them, for it sent up some of the storms that furrow its rough surface to meet them on their way. Their idea of flying above the clouds did not prove quite so happy as was expected, for their journey was cloudy and rainy and boisterous. One thunderstorm threw their wireless out of gear; till that moment they had been hearing the cheery click of radio messages, and sending them too. Then all fell silent. They were alone.

A Sudden Dive

But that sudden solitude was not so bad as when another storm struck them so suddenly that the jerk threw them out of their seats and their plane plunged down 3000 feet after beginning a nose dive. It took them all their time and all their strength to get it straight again.

We were scared, says Mr Richman; and the rest of us may be sure that it takes a brave man to admit it. But almost as soon as he had said it he added that it was a good flight. A good flight and good men.

And while these argonauts were defying the lightning and the storms for 18 hours a ship of the old sort was limping into Table Bay, after experiencing the worst the Atlantic could do for about 18 weeks.

About 18 weeks ago the three-masted schooner Diolinda set out from Liver-

THE FIRE IN SPAIN

Nation Fighting Itself

A WAR IN WHICH ALL MUST LOSE

Nothing good comes out of Spain, and nothing new.

For eight weeks the fury of killing and burning has gone on while the strong nations of Europe, who should be policemen to keep the peace, stand helplessly by waiting to see which side will win.

Neither side will win. Both will lose; and when the inevitable end comes through exhaustion there will be none of the glamour of the failure of a lost cause. The miserable thing about this strife of brothers is that neither side can say what it is fighting for, but only what it believes it is fighting against.

This must be said for the Government side—that it is fighting to keep the authority the people of Spain gave it; and this must be said against those who are trying to drag them down—that they were the men who started the fire.

Whatever principles the two sides began with are lost sight of in what has now ceased to be a civil war and become a vendetta. We need not believe all the reports of cruelties which this side spreads about the other, but we cannot shut our eyes to churches that have been burned, houses bombed, hostages and prisoners shot. Both sides admit these outrages.

It would be surprising if, when these things are done without shame in public, there should not be private murders and revenges which have nothing to do with the so-called war. Killing no murder soon becomes a motto when there is no strong hand in control. There is no strong hand in Spain.

Irun Now an Empty Ruin

The rebels hold a great deal of Spain's barren square miles, but as yet have shown themselves unable to strike a blow at its heart. The Government forces, animated by a hatred of the military, suffer from too many leaders and from jealousy among themselves. But they are as determined not to give way as any Fascist. Their desperate defence of Irun, now an empty ruin, proves this. But, dispersed though they may be, they will fight as guerillas as long as the war is allowed to go on.

It should not go on. There is only one way to stop it, which is to cut off supplies from both sides. Either out of mistaken interests or sympathies, the European nations have been slow to combine for this end, and even when agreement seems to have been nearly reached supplies slip through.

Whoever sends them through, or lets them through, is an accessory to murder. Such abominable trading should be stopped, and the policy of neutrality should be made a reality without delay.

Continued from the previous column

pool for the Seychelles. Off Portugal she ran into a five-days westerly gale that sprang her mainmast, and when, the gales subsiding, she reached the Doldrums she drifted 1000 miles out of her course almost into the Caribbean Sea.

Storms and calms followed one another. They were short of fuel for their auxiliary engine, and for more than two months were the sport of winds which never let them away from the South American coast. When the ocean showed signs of relenting a storm sprang up and carried two of their boats away.

Food ran short, and it was latterly salt pork and beef at the best, and what was worse, the water began to run low. At last, black with the grime of months, their rigging ruined, they came to Table Bay, where the crew's first cry was for water.

In four months, over 12,000 miles of sea, they had seen only one ship and had sighted land only at Madeira. But these sailors, like the airmen, are going on. They are sailing afresh for the Seychelles.

CAN HITLER

DO THIS?

Splitting Up the Great Estates

PROPOSAL THAT MAY STIR UP THE JUNKERS

Germany, where there are 73,000,000 acres under cultivation, nearly three times as much as in this country, is considering new ways of distributing their ownership.

Herr Hitler is credited with the intention of splitting up some of the great estates in Pomerania and East Prussia so as to divide them among peasant proprietors. Small estates and peasant proprietorship are the rule in the west and south German States. The north-eastern States are the preserve of the Junkers.

These landed proprietors possess nearly a quarter of the land, though they number only about half of one per cent of the population. The 412 biggest landowners hold nearly enough to support a million smallholders.

It may be taken for granted that Herr Hitler's proposals, however popular with the Socialists among his supporters, will be vigorously resisted by the Junkers. They had the support of President von Hindenburg, a diehard of their old school, when similar proposals were made by former Chancellors; and both von Schleicher and Dr Brüning found themselves, in the German phrase, biting on granite when they made the attempt.

The Land For the People

Whether Hitler can succeed where they failed it is impossible to say, though it is certain he will not persist unless he knows he can carry the German people with him. The Junkers will probably point to the success of their farming, but the social and political reasons for cultivating the land by the people for the people are weighty. In Russia the antagonism between the big landowner and the peasant contributed to the revolution.

In Andalusia the discontent has been fed by the contrast between the wealth of the large landowners and the condition of a half-starved peasantry. The most peaceful region of distracted Spain at present is Galicia in the north-west, where the land holdings are small and the people are quite content on their little lots.

KING CAROL DROPS A GREAT LEADER

Is Rumania Going Fascist?

M. Nicholai Titulescu, one of the outstanding statesmen of Europe, has been excluded from the new Government in Rumania.

As Foreign Minister of his country he was the energetic leader of the Little Entente and also of the Balkan Entente.

In his own country he is the leader of the anti-Nazis, and it is believed that his policy of friendship toward Russia, which only dates from the days when France became Russia's close ally, has alarmed King Carol and his Prime Minister, M. Tatarescu. It may be also that the Fascist influence has become dominant in Rumania, for one of the first acts of the new Government was to dissolve all private armies, a direct blow at the Peasant Guard which was formed to protect M. Titulescu from the Fascists.

M. Titulescu is well known in this country, for he was Rumanian Ambassador here for many years.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

The television programmes from Alexandra Palace have been received in places a hundred miles away, although the efficient range is supposed to be only 25 miles.

A camp has been held at Rolston on the Yorkshire coast for the wives of unemployed men of Hull.

Dutch interests are buying a Zeppelin for an airship service between Europe, the East Indies, and Australia.

The Road Traffic Census for last year reveals that cycles have nearly doubled in number since 1931.

Workers in the lead mines 6000 feet up in the mountains near Grenoble have declared a strike for higher wages and a special height bonus.

A road near Uttoxeter in Staffordshire was blocked the other day by 50 trees uprooted by a storm which only lasted about ten minutes.

The great vine at Cumberland Lodge, Windsor, is bearing about 1000 bunches of grapes, which are being cut this week.

Nearly fifty thousand people have visited Dovedale this year. It is hoped the whole valley will be national property in time for the Coronation.

IN DEATH THEY ARE NOT DIVIDED

Often it has happened in life that two old people who have lived together to be like Darby and Joan have passed away together; like Saul and Jonathan, they were lovely and pleasant in their lives and in their death they were not divided.

Now it has happened with one of our most famous surgeons and his wife. Lord Moynihan's wife died last week and Lord Moynihan has followed her to the grave. He was one of our greatest doctors, a high authority on cancer, and his death is a heavy loss to the nation.

THE CHILDREN'S WEEK-END

The French Minister for Education has a pretty problem to solve, no less than a demand for a fuller week-end holiday for the schoolchildren of France.

The proposed week-end would begin on Thursday afternoon in order that the children should be free on Friday as well as Saturday. It is the new 40-hour week for the workers of France which has brought this idea into the foreground, many parents desiring to share their leisure with their children. Many of the teachers have expressed agreement, and, we are informed, *all the children!*

THE STORKS MAKE A CALL

We hear from one who was present that while the Eastbourne Boys Scripture Union were striking camp at Whitcliff Bay in the Isle of Wight on the first of September five of the Haslemere storks alighted in the field and walked about the camp eating bully beef greedily. They stayed for two or three hours and then flew off toward the mainland, in the direction from which they had come.

THINGS SAID

Thirty-five thousand people in a Tyneside borough are fighting for the right to work. Mayor of Jarrow

Before you do the thing which won't be forgiven make sure that it's worth while. Mr A. E. W. Mason

We reject the absurdity of perpetual peace, which is alien to our doctrine and our temperament. Signor Mussolini

No country can be isolated.

Lord Tweedsmuir

While health authorities are careful to see that food and water supplies are pure, little is being done to safeguard the purity of the air. Dr A. G. Ruston

A skull and crossbones sign might have a good effect on road users.

Chief Constable of Stoke-on-Trent

September 12, 1936

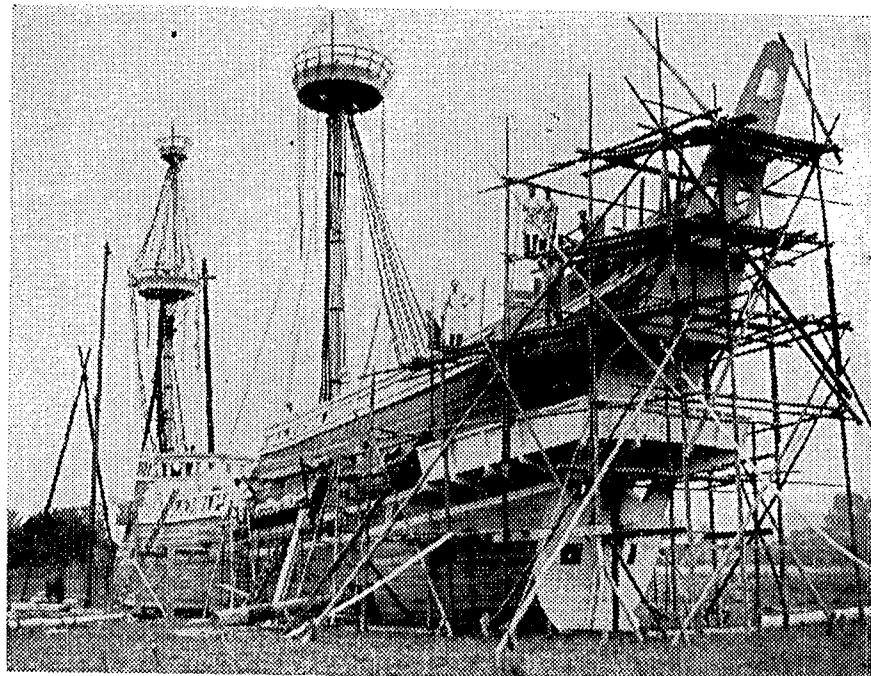
The Children's Newspaper

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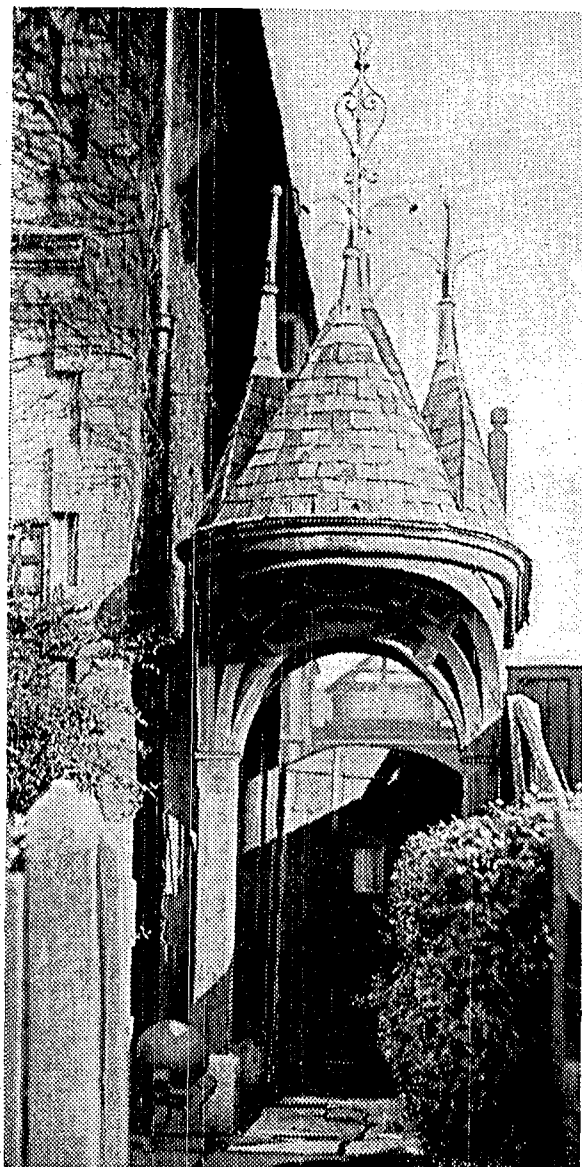
The Ground Plane • Two Forth Bridges • Ship in a Field



For Training Air Pilots—This new machine can travel on the ground at 40 m.p.h., enabling pupils to become familiar with the controls without taking to the air.



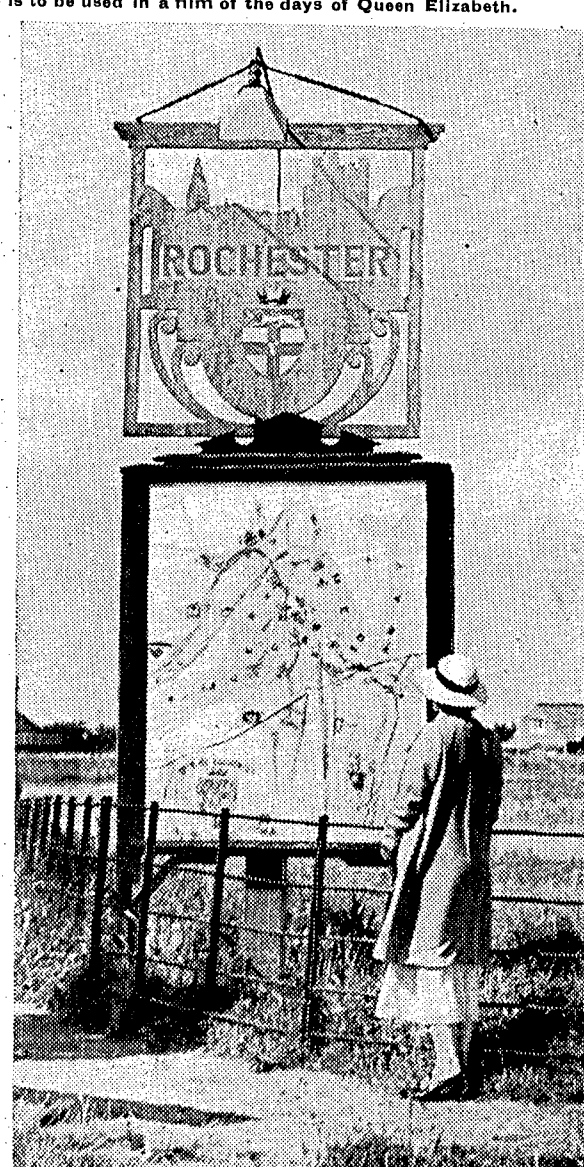
The Film Ship—A Spanish galleon under construction in a field at Denham. The ship is to be used in a film of the days of Queen Elizabeth.



A Garden Gate—A dungeon door from the old Bastille in Paris is part of the garden entrance of a house at East Sheen.



Diving Mayor—The Mayor of Falmouth in diving kit before descending to inspect a sunken dredger at Carrick Roads.



Beauty and Utility—A novel road-sign outside Rochester, with a map beneath showing places of interest in the district.



Two Forth Bridges—The German battleship *Kaiserin*, salvaged at Scapa Flow, being towed under the Forth Bridge; and, on the right, the massive swinging section of the new Forth road bridge under construction at Kincardine.

THESE CHANGING DAYS

MAKING THE RIGHT USE OF PROGRESS

Sir Josiah Stamp's Idea of the World and Science

THE WORLD WILL NOT GO THE OLD WAY

Sir Josiah Stamp chose for the subject of his Presidential Address to the British Association at Blackpool the impact of Science on Society.

He spoke not merely as one of the foremost economists of our time, but as a wise philosopher who asks how the world is taking the changes science brings to it. He was careful to say that he could not deal with the immense effects of science on society, but only with the way society alters its own attitude to respond to the changes.

Our New Attitude To Speed

There are, for example, the vast upheavals brought about by the new science of transport. A century ago 23 miles an hour on the railway was regarded by some people with horror; and 40 years ago a cyclist doing 18 miles an hour was regarded as a public danger. Today 50 and 60 miles an hour on the road is winked at. The public has grown tolerant of speed—too tolerant, perhaps.

Then there are the upheavals caused by new inventions which throw people out of work and cause unemployment. At any moment science is always causing some unemployment. On the other hand, changes of fashion and customs do the same thing. Yet in the long run the reduced costs of production brought about by invention will enable more people to buy the article produced and to put aside money to start new industries. What is lost in one industrial employment is gained in others. But where society fails is in not adjusting itself to the dislocation of industries fast enough. There is science in invention, but not science enough in smoothing out the results of it.

The Business Man and Research

Sir Josiah was hopeful about the attitude of the business man to science. Since the Great War there has been a new spirit of research in industry, and it has been his experience in the last twenty years, when he has been stationed midway between the scientific researchers and the people who pay for their work, that the push from the business end is steadily increasing. A scientific idea takes some time to bear fruit. It is often a longer time before industry sees profit in it; but this second period is shortening.

It is more often that the scientific man does not see what will or can be made of his invention. He leaves the child of his brain on the doorstep of society. The child will presently get taken in and cared for, but on no known principle and without any direction from its parents.

The Social Duty of the Scientist

A foremost scientific man, Sir Henry Dale, declares it is the scientist's job to develop his science without consideration of the social use to which his work might be put. But this is to neglect the social duty. It is a flaw in social duty, and Sir Josiah quoted the Frenchman's saying, "The worst of science is that it stops you thinking." Or, in the words of the darkie mother,

If you haven't an education you've just got to use your brains.

Sir Josiah would have us all use our brains in deciding what may be best got out of new ideas, never rejecting them or putting them on one side because they lead into ways which are not those of our fathers. Edison said it took 25 years to get an idea into the American mind. Other critics declare that it takes

CITY MADE BY PERSECUTION

Tel Aviv

REMARKABLE CHANGE IN 25 YEARS

In these days when all eyes are on Palestine we may look with wonder at Tel Aviv, the city of a quarter of a century's growth on the sea coast just north of Jaffa.

Thirty years ago it was a tiny fishing village lost in the sandhills; now, with a population of 140,000, it is the most influential town in Palestine; also it is 100 per cent Jewish, which is the reason for its rise and prosperity.

In 1908 some 60 families decided to migrate from Jaffa because of the exorbitant rents and the lack of sanitation in the old town; and they settled on Tel Aviv, building themselves sixty cottages to form a suburb of Jaffa.

In 1921 Tel Aviv was still a suburb of Jaffa, with a population of 3066 and 424 houses. Then trouble with the Arabs broke out and the Jews decided that they must cut themselves free from Jaffa and form an independent city. They left Jaffa in a mass, taking their industries with them, and Tel Aviv became a centre of industry and trade for them, with a municipality and police of its own. In 1926 the population was 38,000; by 1931 it had risen to 46,000.

The Result of Persecution

Since then the Hitler persecution of the Jews in Germany has been responsible for a great influx, so that today Tel Aviv is half as big again as Jerusalem. It is a modern town with spacious avenues lined with comfortable houses, and there are fine streets of shops, with theatres and trams, excellent libraries, and an admirable beach.

In no other place in the world is the Sabbath so strictly observed. From one hour before sunset on Friday evening shops, workshops, and offices close their doors, trams and buses stop, and synagogues overflow into the street with worshippers.

Such is Tel Aviv, created by persecution. Jaffa drove out its Jews to its own immense loss. Germany has done the same and must suffer in time. Now Tel Aviv is being driven to create a port of its own because Jaffa will not co-operate, and if this comes about it will apparently be the end of one of the most ancient ports of the world.

THE RUSSIAN ARMY

How big is the Russian army? No one seems able to give a precise answer to the question, but when a country with a conscription law has a population of 170 millions we may take it that she can mobilise 20 million fighting men. In Italy, with a population of 43 millions, Mussolini says he can mobilise eight million men, but this must include many too old for the fighting line.

Russia, with 30 million families, can, if she is so minded, prepare the biggest army in the world.

Continued from the previous column

19 years for a progressive social reform to be adopted by the moderates. We all still regard change as exceptional and standing still as normal, expecting each generation to follow in the old ways. But this is the first period in human history for which this expectation is false.

We live in a period of change, for which science is largely responsible. We need not glorify it, but while we have change we must learn to master it, taking scientific trouble to do so. We want spiritual betterment, moral advance, and mental development, so as to bring about a change in man himself to harmonise with every advance in science. Our advances in the science of matter will fail us unless we turn to bring about an equal advance in the science of man.

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF THE GOLDEN CITY

50 YEARS OF JOHANNESBURG

How They Found the World's Richest Goldfield

JUSTIFIED BY FAITH

Discovery made about 30 miles south of Pretoria of conglomerate, shedding gold. Think it worth your while to come up to see it.

So ran a telegram handed to Mr Joseph Robinson as he sat in the Kimberley Club on a winter's day in 1886.

It was the beginning of Johannesburg, which will open next week the great exhibition to celebrate its Golden Jubilee.

The message had been sent by an old friend who could be relied on, and Joseph Robinson, who was on his way to the Barberton goldfields, alighted from the coach at Potchefstroom to see this conglomerate which shed gold.

Hidden Treasure

Prospector's tents were to be seen at intervals over the Rand, as the district was called, but the only permanent buildings were the wooden homes of farmers. So satisfied, however, was Joseph Robinson with the bankets (as they were called) that he bought for £6000 the farm known as Langlaate and erected on it the first stone house for miles around, calling it Langlaate Restante. When he went on to Pretoria his wealthy friends there chaffed him for his enterprise in setting up as a cabbage grower without a market, but, though he did not know it then, 450 feet below the stone house lay the Main Reef of the richest goldfield in the world.

Two brothers named Struben were the first to prove the gold-shedding qualities of the bankets, pebbles of an old sea-bed, though now 6000 feet above sea-level. Earlier in the year they had crushed in a five-stamp battery, brought to these open spaces at great expense, a few tons yielding about an ounce and a half of gold. This was from the neighbouring farm to Langlaate. The news spread and the gold rush began, a township of miners springing up in a few weeks.

Naming the City

The Government of the Transvaal Republic sent Johannes Joubert, their Minister of Mines, and Johannes Rissik, their Surveyor, to lay out the Golden City, and as there were many other Johannes in prominent positions there it was suggested to President Kruger that the town should be called Johannesburg. Kruger demurred, but, said someone, "Johannes is one of your own Christian names; let it be named after you." The flattered Oom Paul agreed.

On September 20, 1886, the Transvaal Government proclaimed it a township, and in December the first sale of building sites was held, realising £13,000. The reef was found to run for 50 miles, and townships along it were laid out as suburbs. Life for the pioneers was very hard. The railhead was at Kimberley, 300 miles away, and until the railway came in 1892 coaches and ox-wagons had to serve Johannesburg over difficult country. But the pioneers (Cecil Rhodes was one of them) had great faith.

The Tragedy of War

The diamond firm of Barnatos, arriving too late for the gold prizes, had confidence in the economic possibilities of the town, and bought estates and built the sorely-needed waterworks. Even in 1890, with a population of 60,000, there was not a street lamp, and the Government had only recently laid down pavements.

There was a vast population not of Dutch descent, called Uitlanders, who contributed to the growing wealth of

THE SHEPHERD BOYS LOST

Cut Off By an Avalanche ADVENTURE IN THE MOUNTAINS

Two shepherd boys of Natal have had a terrifying experience and for weeks were given up as lost.

They were looking after goats high in the Drakensberg Mountains when a violent snowstorm swept the mountain-side. Although nearly blinded by snow, they managed to guide the goats into a cave, and to keep out the wind and snow they barricaded the entrance with bundles of firewood.

While they waited for the storm to pass they searched the cave, which was only four feet high and about four feet wide. By this time it had grown very dark. An avalanche had swept down the mountain and sealed up the mouth of the cave.

They were prisoners. Fortunately they had a few matches, and with some of the wood they had collected they lit a fire.

The hours went by, but nobody came to the rescue. The little food they had lasted two days, and when this had gone they killed a goat and cooked it.

Their Last Match

They became anxious when their little store of matches came to an end, and took turns to watch the fire and fan the flames. There was not much air and it was difficult to keep awake.

One day they both fell asleep, and when they woke there was no red glow to cheer them. The fire was out. For many long, cold days they sat in darkness, with nothing to break the monotony and nothing to eat but raw meat.

At last, when they had given up hope of ever seeing the world again, there came a roar like thunder. It was another avalanche! But a welcome one this time, for it crashed through the great block of snow at the cave entrance and sent it hurtling down the mountain.

The boys blinked in amazement, for their prison was flooded with dazzling light. They were weak and stiff, but they managed to crawl out and slowly made their way down the mountain to their home.

Great were the rejoicings when they appeared in the doorway, for long before their parents had given them up as dead. The boys, who had lost count of time, were amazed to find that they had been prisoners in the cave for two months.

AUSTRIAN YOUNG FOLK

Following the example of Italy and Germany, Austria is organising all her children in a State Association called Austrian Young Folk.

All boys and girls up to 18 are to be compulsorily schooled as citizens, with drill, gymnastics, and lectures. It is not known whether there is to be military drill.

Continued from the previous column

Johannesburg, and these grew angry because the Government of President Kruger treated them as aliens, and the tragedy of the South African War was the result.

That has long been past history, and for the past 30 years English and Dutch have been building anew the magnificent city which is today the pride of the Dominion and is welcoming the whole world to what may be justly called the Wembley of South Africa. Here now live 200,000 Europeans, and almost as many native Africans. With its University, its Art Gallery, and its magnificent public buildings, its parks, and its Sports Arena, it is an imperial city as well as a golden one, and it has deserved the honour it will receive from the Empire and the world in its Golden Jubilee year.

A NEW VILLAGE FOR COLONISING MANCHURIA

YORKSHIRE

Our Biggest County Grows a Little

Yorkshire, which already has more villages than any other English county, is to have one more.

Known as West Bank, it is a mile from Carlton, two miles from Snaith, and six miles from Selby. It has the River Aire winding close by, and is only a few minutes' walk from Temple Hirst, a 700-year-old house, long said to have been the Templestowe of Sir Walter Scott's Ivanhoe, and the scene of the fight which released Rebecca from the stake.

In this lonely bit of Yorkshire 18 pairs of houses are being built for 36 married men from the distressed areas of Durham, Shields, West Hartlepool, and Jarrow. Each man will have about five acres of land, a greenhouse about 60 feet long and 20 wide, a few pigs, and 80 head of poultry. For their first twelve months the men will receive unemployment pay, but after that they will be expected to become tenants, paying rent for their holdings, and establishing themselves as farmers or market-gardeners. By the end of the year there will be about 350 people in the village.

The movement was begun by the Society of Friends, and the men have been very carefully chosen. The village is really an economic experiment, and the settlement will be communal in the sense that buying and selling will be done from the central farm. It is to be hoped that here is one way of reducing the suffering of the poverty-stricken areas, and of giving idle hands something worth doing.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Kara-Kum	Kah-rah-Koom
Megaera	Me-jee-rah
Setif	Sae-teef
Tisiphone	Te-sif-o-ne

Millions of Men and Money

We have always understood that the climate of Manchuria (Manchukuo) is too severe to make it a suitable home for Japanese settlers, but the Japanese Government has made a scheme to send there 5,000,000 colonists.

The plan is to cost the Government about £50,000,000. So far very few Japanese have made a success of life in Manchuria, but since the Japanese conquest many Chinese have gone there.

The Japanese love warmth, and view with regret the fact that they are barred from North Australia, the great empty land.

The attempt to colonise Manchuria is therefore of deep interest. The land is a big one, its area being about 460,000 square miles, or greater than France and Germany put together, while its population is about 35 millions, as against the 110 millions of France and Germany. Manchuria is a fertile land, with fine mineral resources and good ice-free harbours.

See World Map

TO NEW ZEALAND IN 23 DAYS

The world becomes smaller as means of travelling become faster.

A New Zealander who crossed the Atlantic in the liner Queen Mary on her maiden voyage travelled from London to Auckland, New Zealand, in 23 days.

Follow his travels on the C N Picture-News Map. He left Southampton on June 17, landed at New York on June 22, left next day by aeroplane and reached Los Angeles on June 24, and sailed that evening in the liner Monterey for New Zealand, reaching Auckland on July 10.

This journey was about a week shorter than the usual route that crosses America by train, or the direct steamer route by way of the Panama Canal.

POOR DEER

New Outlaws of the Old Forest

Deer have been placed on the outlaw list by the Government of New Zealand and may now be shot at sight whenever they come within range of New Zealanders with rifles.

This is a little tragedy of the animal kingdom brought about by man's foolishness.

When the first colonists went to New Zealand they found much of the country covered with ancient forests in which there were many birds but no animals at all. Very unwisely they liberated deer so that men with rifles would have something to shoot at.

Now the deer have increased so much that they are accused of destroying the young forest plants, and so causing floods in the rivers. Before deer were liberated the new trees grew up to take the places of decayed forest giants.

In 1934 the Government paid men to shoot 8000 deer, but thousands more must be shot to save the forests.

THE FORTUNE OF THE STORM

During a heavy thunderstorm lightning struck a stone figure in a farmyard at Braunau, near Prague.

The figure burst, and among the fragments gold coins and golden chains were seen. Further search revealed a tin box filled with jewels and gold and silver coins. It is thought the treasure was hidden there during the Thirty Years War. Its value is estimated at several million Czech crowns.

BETTER NEWS OF USA

A witness to United States recovery is afforded by the New York State factory record. The average earnings of all employees in representative factories, both sexes and all ages, including clerks, recovered to £5 a week in June.

In 1933 the average was just over £4.

GIVING THEM SOMETHING TO DO

Camps For the Unemployed

WHAT SWITZERLAND DOES

For many years there have been camps in Switzerland for students wishing to do useful work in their long vacations.

From these Swiss work camps have developed voluntary work camps for young unemployed.

In a country accustomed to conscription, in which the young men have no direct knowledge of the horrors of war, the yearly period of military service is looked upon very much as a holiday. So camp life is nothing new to these youths, and the rigid discipline of the work camps is all part of the game.

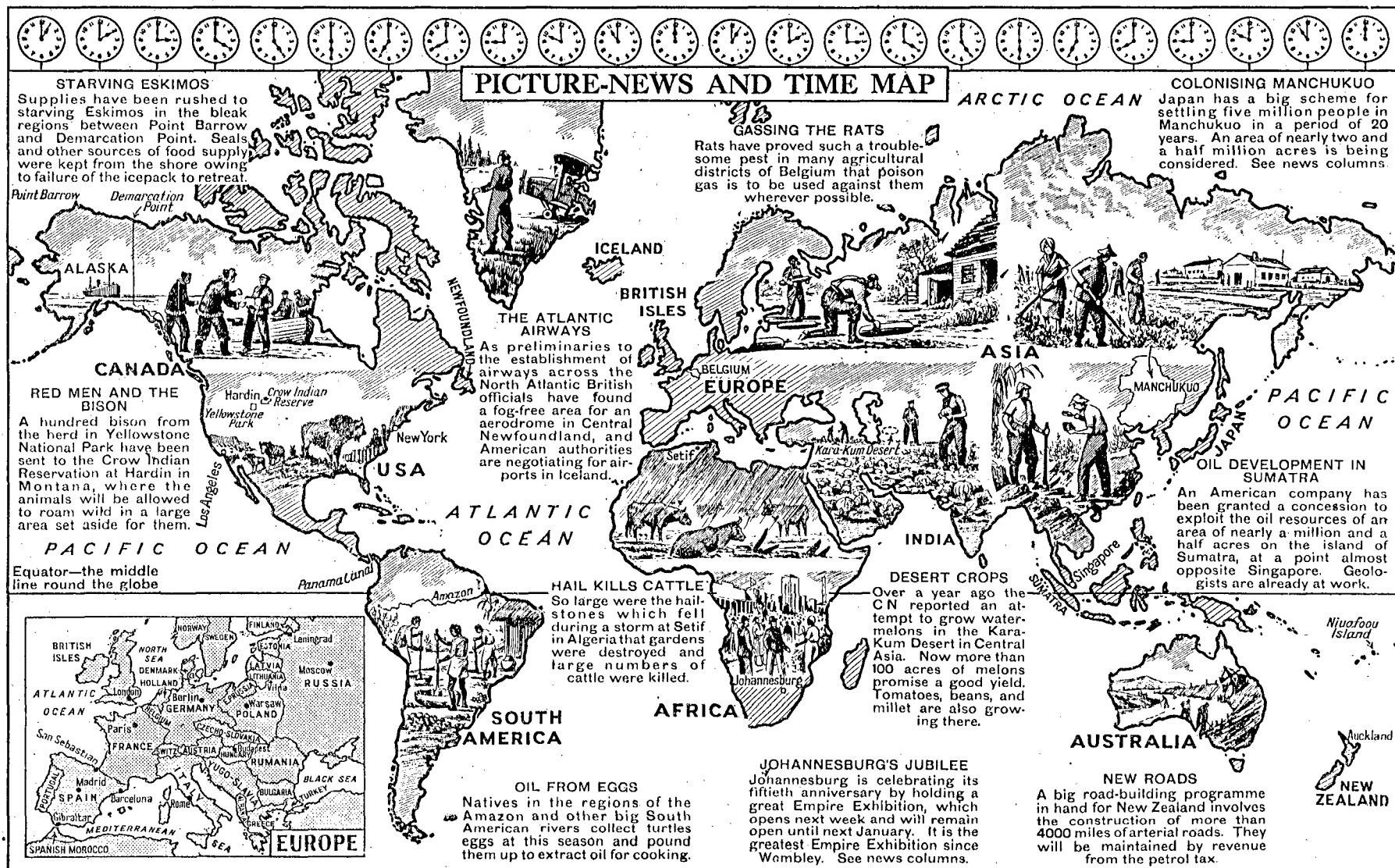
They sign on for not less than eight weeks, and are occupied with work of utility to the community according to where they happen to be. Expenses have to a great extent been met by a national collection.

They make new roads and mountain tracks; they clear and drain the high-lying pasture lands; they repair damage after flood, fire, or landslide. Others repair ancient buildings or conduct archaeological diggings.

Whatever is done, care is taken not to compete with the open market of those in ordinary work, and the wages paid are only slightly above what is given to other men out of work. The young men come for the love of it, and return home all the better physically because of the work done and all the better morally because of the discipline.

FIRST AID BY PLANE

When Mr Samuel Reid, an Edinburgh motor agent, was flying over his native Orkney Islands, he noticed a sheep in distress on the cliff face at Mull Head, Deerness. Knowing its owner he dropped a note and the sheep was rescued.



CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 12 1936



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Back Again

BACK again! our readers are saying. "Back again to the old school, and we are not at all sorry." There is something in school which the best of holidays cannot give.

In school we are already citizens. School is not only a preparation for life; it is life itself. It is within the nation, not outside it.

This means that the same kind of character that makes a good citizen makes a good schoolboy. The school is a society which is healthy for those reasons that make a city or a nation healthy.

Take as an example one quality of character. A good nation is one in which the citizens are what we call public-spirited; they do not think of their own interests as if they must come first; they think of the welfare of the whole company. They belong to a team, and they play for the team. Or, to put the same thing in other words, they would rather make a duck if the side won than make a hundred if the side lost. Public spirit makes a great nation; and it is needed as much in the making of a good school as in the nation itself. The schoolgirls and schoolboys who are trying hard to be unselfish, to play the game as members of a team, to help lame dogs over stiles, are living the good life already.

In this way a good school is a model of a good nation. In it there are many different tasks and ranks. There is a head, there are his colleagues, there are the seniors and the juniors, there are the servants. They have many tasks to do, but they do them in the same spirit; they are not proud of their rank, they do not give themselves airs, all working in harmony as members of one little society, in which each one needs all the others.

In such a school there will be a general resolve to beat other schools at cricket or football. Everyone will do his best to win. But there will be no contempt for other schools because the boys there are from poorer (or perhaps richer) homes. In fact, a good school is in this way like a good nation: it wants to make the most of all that is best in it, but its people never think that, because they are different from other peoples, they have any reason to hate or to despise them. They want to win in those contests which bring no sorrow and leave no bitterness. They are like members of a good school.

Back again to school! It means back again not only to the preparations for life, but to a splendid life itself.

Our Biggest Firm

THE Post Office, the biggest business in the land if we have regard to the area covered and the variety of activities entrusted to it, is taking more of our money than ever.

In July last year the money received was £135,465 a day. In July this year the takings were £142,496 a day. Last Christmas they rose to £190,215.

And how well the work is done; how rarely we have any genuine cause to complain of the General Post!

Neutral News

AN English pilot in a German aeroplane fighting for the Spanish Government has been attacked by rebels in Italian and British machines.

In such a crazy world this paragraph ought to be printed upside-down.

And So the Poor Dog Got None

ON a Kent hilltop is a beautiful garden which for many years was opened freely to the public every day, and is now opened freely twice a week and for a charity sixpence on all other days.

It happened that the other day two well-dressed ladies and a dog passed through the gates on a charity day and, having eluded the cottage, were asked if they had paid their sixpence. They seemed a little concerned that Charity should want anything, and after some confusion one well-dressed sister said to the other, "Well, my dear, as we have seen the garden before I do not think we need trouble to pay"; and then, to the gardener: "In any case we were only going up to give the dog a drink at the lily pond."

The Field is Still

The evening comes, the field is still;
The tinkle of the thirsty rill,
Unheard all day, ascends again;
Deserted is the new-reaped grain,
Silent the sheaves, the ringing wain,
The reaper's cry, the dog's alarms,
All housed within the sleeping farms!
The business of the day is done,
The last belated gleaner gone.
In puffs of balm the night air blows
The perfume which the day foregoes;
And on the pure horizon far,
See, pulsing with the first-born star,
The liquid sky above the hill!
The evening comes, the field is still.

Matthew Arnold

London's Green Girdle

THE projected Green Girdle around London grows, if not quickly enough, and, we are glad to add, grows wider in conception. All the counties bordering London are being combed for suitable additions.

Not too soon, for London is growing so fast and attracting so many industries that it threatens to absorb half our population. Already over ten million people live in the metropolis and its immediate environs.

Peace Goes On

AMID the horrors of war men continue to do useful work. This it is that saves mankind.

Behind the lines in France in 1918, with the guns booming in the distance, one could perceive, in the twilight of a day of war, a humble peasant ploughing his field. So today, from Spain, we find a war correspondent reporting:

"On the far side of the mountain the dead lay where they had been shot. Among the bodies was the strangest sight of all, a Basque peasant mowing hay with a scythe."

Thus the work of the world went on in ancient times, and so it goes on today. Man, the indomitable, fights sometimes and works always.

Tip-Cat



CLOSE neighbours are a nuisance, says a writer. You can't borrow from them.

A NURSE declares that patients are just cases to her. And if they are tire-some she shuts them up.

DENTISTS are usually cheerful. They are not having their teeth out.

WE reveal our characters in our handwriting. Some people reveal nothing else.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If a book agreement is a binding one

A POET says trees have a message for him. A trunk call, we assume.

A SCHOOLMASTER says he can always pick out a smart boy. But a smart boy may not fall in.

MILK is good for fever, says a doctor. Not for the invalid?

THE boy who is always getting blown up doesn't rise in anybody's estimation.



THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

MR MEYERSTEIN is giving a swimming pool to London Hospital nurses.

OVER 60 new ships are being launched on the Clyde this year.

THREE days are now being saved on mails to the Cape by sea.

JUST AN IDEA

We have sometimes to go all the way round the world and home again to discover how happy we were before we went.

The Fellowship of the Doorstep

By The Pilgrim

A FRIEND of ours who had been in a poor part of the city came back with a vivid account of what she had seen—dirty houses, unwashed children sprawling on the pavement, men lounging about the publichouse. "But the thing which seemed worst of all," she said, "was the way slatternly women stood or sat at open doors chattering to each other. I could have shaken them. Instead of getting on with their work they were all the time gossiping."

We have not one word to say in favour of gossips or of slatternly women who neglect their houses and talk at open doors; but we remember another friend of ours saying once: "You know, when you haven't much of this world's goods, and your house is so poor that it looks little better for being washed or swept, and when you have lost all hope of ever getting out of the gutter, and are too poverty-stricken to buy even cheap pleasures, there remains to you the priceless fellowship of the doorstep, the joy of sharing news and sorrow. It is an escape from self. Telling a neighbour your own troubles, and listening to hers, are two of the slum's gateways to Heaven."

Give Us a Good Night

LORD, though I am a miserable and wretched creature, I am in Covenant with Thee through grace. And I may, I will, come to Thee, for Thy people. Thou hast made me, though very unworthy, a mean instrument to do them some good and Thee service; and many of them have set too high a value upon me, though others wish and would be glad of my death.

Lord, however Thou dost dispose of me, continue and go on to do good for them. Give them consistency of judgment, one heart, and mutual love; and go on to deliver them, and with the work of reformation; and make the name of Christ glorious in the world. Teach those who look too much on Thy instruments to depend more upon Thyself. Pardon such a desire to trample upon the dust of a poor worm, for they are Thy people too.

And pardon the folly of this short Prayer for Jesus Christ's sake; and give us a good night, if it be Thy pleasure. Amen. Oliver Cromwell

In Thy Heart

God Said Unto Israel

I bade thee read thy prayers unto me in thy synagogues; but if thou canst not, pray in thy house; and if thou art unable to do this, pray when thou art in the field; and if this be inconvenient to thee, pray on thy bed; and if thou canst not even do this, think of me in thy heart.

A Word From Shakespeare

The Novice By the Sea

I have a kind of alacrity in sinking. Merry Wives of Windsor

TIBET FINDS ITS HOLY CHILD

WHAT WILL HE BECOME?

End of the Long Search for a New Light of Asia

POPE OF THE EAST

Tibet's holy child, the Dalai Lama that is to be, has been found.

For nearly three years the babe has been awaiting the recognition of his sacred claims to supreme authority in Tibet, and in regions far beyond that isolated land on the roof of the world. He is the religious head of the Buddhist doctrine as interpreted in Tibet, and, more than any other living being, is the Pope of Asia.

It will presently be revealed where he was born, and where on him descended the mantle of the last Dalai Lama who died in December 1934. The Tibetans believe that with the reigning Dalai Lama's last breath his soul passes into a newly-born child, and on this child descends the spirit of one of the heavenly Buddhas. There is not one Buddha, but several, who after him returned to earth in human form. One came to Tibet many years after the first Buddha had passed on, and it is his presence which has returned to Tibet already 14 times.

A Being Set Apart

Such is the belief of a land which has changed hardly at all in its religion and customs since the first Buddha ceased to walk among its rivers, lakes, and mountains. Nothing shakes the belief.

After the holy child is found he becomes a being set apart, removed from earthly delights and temptations, and carefully tutored by the monks of the monastery chosen for his abode, so as to fit him for his high mission. It is said that the Regent of Tibet, himself a lama of high degree, who rules till the child comes of age at 17, had a vision of the child in the holy lake of Kali, beholding him seated on a throne with the second personage of Tibet, the Tashi Lama, on another throne beside him.

A Vision Fulfilled

Then it was said that the Tashi Lama himself, still dwelling outside Tibet, had met a child answering to the signs and tokens of the Regent's vision. Should this corroboration prove satisfactory another test will remain to be fulfilled—whether the child shows itself familiar with its destiny by recognising sacred objects belonging to the last Dalai Lama.

The recognition and acceptance of the new Dalai Lama is a very complicated and lengthy business, in which every precaution must be taken by the Tibetans that there is no deception. The Tashi Lama is one of the deeply interested persons. He is, or was, the second power in Tibet, taking care of its worldly affairs while the Dalai Lama looked after the spiritual side.

An Autocratic Ruler

But the old Dalai Lama, a very forceful and shrewd ruler, brooked no interference in anything concerning Tibet. He seldom summoned Parliament because it talked too much, and none dared disobey him. For these or other reasons the Tashi Lama did not get on with him, and at last fled the country and took refuge in China, where for a number of years he has been much honoured. Early this year his Chinese friends proposed to send him back with a huge caravan and a guard of soldiers through Mongolia to Tibet, but the caravan has been long in coming.

It may be, now that the child successor to the spiritual throne has been found, that the time will be judged ripe for an arrangement between the Tashi Lama and the Regent, who was the nephew of the old Dalai Lama, and was by him chosen to watch over Tibet till a new Dalai Lama came of age.

FIRST ATLANTIC GREYHOUNDS

Ocean Race of Long Ago

No Racing, say the owners of the Cunard Line after the Queen Mary has beaten all records for the two-way crossing of the Atlantic. It was ever thus; "no racing" has been the declared policy where most enthralling contests have occurred to live for ever in the annals of steam power exerted at sea.

In all the years since it happened there has been nothing more dramatic than the first steam crossing from England to America. On April 8, 1838, the Great Western, only 212 feet long and of 1340 tons, set out from Bristol for New York. There was to be no question of racing; but it happened that a tinier pioneer, the Sirius, was already at sea. Accustomed to steam between London and Cork, she had been dispatched on the great Atlantic adventure.

She had sailed from Cork four days earlier than the Great Western, which, after a magnificent maiden voyage, reached New York on the afternoon of April 23, to find that the little Sirius had docked a few hours before her, having taken an extra four days over the voyage.

Thus America, hitherto reached only by ships dependent on sails, saw two steamers arrive on the same day. The Queen Mary has come home in less than four days. When the steam pioneers reached America it took 48 days to journey from New York to San Francisco; now aeroplanes do the trans-continental journey as regularly as railway trains, but within 24 hours.

ONE-WAY TRACKS

Remaking Our Roads

The wide go-as-you-please death-traps so thoughtlessly formed in our land to serve as new roads are at last acknowledged to need reconstruction. Kingston bypass, which has killed so many, is to be re-made; it cost £400,000 only nine years ago.

There is only one satisfactory plan with important roads, and that is to form them with two one-way tracks, each of which should be about 22 feet wide, thus separating traffic into two streams which cannot harm each other.

Germany has now 400 miles of such roads constructed and many more in preparation. All the big German centres are to be thus connected.

A wit remarks that the motor-car has shortened the lives of roads as well as of pedestrians!

THE MISSING COMMA

When a Joint Committee of the House of Commons recently considered the Public Health Bill the question of commas or no commas was raised, and led to the following dialogue with a witness.

Mr Clement Davies: Do you remember the case where a comma cost this country a lot of money?

Witness: That was a charter party.

Mr Davies: No, in a treaty. We had to pay the American Government some £100,000 because of the omission of a comma.

Impressed by this, all the commas proposed by Mr Davies were inserted in the clause by the Committee!

Every schoolboy knows what a missing stop did for Julius Caesar, when

Caesar entered. On his head

His helmet . . .

became

Caesar entered on his head.

His helmet . . .

A SPIRIT GROWING UP IN QUEBEC

Canadian Home Rule

There is a marked and growing spirit of nationalism in Quebec, known of old as Lower Canada, the French-Canadian province of the Dominion of Canada.

Quebec has an area of 707,000 square miles and a population approaching three millions, of whom about three-fourths are of French descent. The renowned Jacques Cartier took it in 1535 for France. In 1759 Wolfe conquered Quebec for Britain, and in 1791 it was made a separate province. In 1838 there was rebellion, and continuous trouble was finally settled in 1867 by the establishment of home rule in the Canadian provinces, with a Federal Government.

The new separatist movement in Quebec is a revival of ancient differences, and is by no means universally approved in the province.

Quebec is ruled by a Governor appointed by the British Crown, with a provincial parliament of two houses.

CAPTAIN BLIGH OF THE BOUNTY

His Compass, His Gourd, and His Tiny Cup

The famous film of the Mutiny of the Bounty has been round the world, and few people can have been more thrilled by it than a doctor at Inglewood in New Zealand.

This doctor, Ernest Nutting, is the great-grandson of Captain Bligh, and every action of his ancestor in that little boat on its 3618-miles voyage through the Southern Seas must have made a special appeal to him, because he had at home the compass by which Captain Bligh steered, the gourd made out of the shell of a coconut from which he ate his scanty food, and the tiny cup, fashioned from the horn of an animal, with which he measured the precious gill of water for each of his men three times a day.

Treasured heirlooms all, and how fitting that they should be owned by a descendant who lives on an island set in that ocean in which Captain Bligh made his immortal voyage.

TRADE WARS

Japan and Australia

Determined to continue her trade war with Australia, arising out of the recent Commonwealth measures to restrict foreign commerce, Japan is taking special steps to avoid the purchase of Australian wool.

The Japanese traders in the textile industries have subscribed to form a great fund for the importation of wools from Argentina and South Africa, which are dearer than the Australian product. The loss on the purchase will be shared by all the Japanese textile industries, including those not using wool.

At the same time urgent steps are being taken to raise sheep in Manchuria.

NEW GIANT OF LONDON POWER

Another London giant power station is to be opened at Fulham.

It rivals in impressive beauty the great power-house at Battersea, and is similarly dominated by two great chimneys, 300 feet high.

In 1903 Fulham produced only 800,000 units of electricity; the new station will produce over 300,000,000 units a year.

It is better to take coal to Fulham to change into electricity there than to produce current at the coalmines, because so much water is needed. The Fulham station needs 14 million gallons of water an hour. So coal is brought to London to be glorified as electricity.

PRICES RISING

Effect of Better Trade

THINGS ARE GETTING BETTER AND BETTER

By an Economic Correspondent

As trade expands prices rise. Wholesale prices are higher now than for some years past, and retail prices must follow owing to the higher cost of materials.

It is of historic interest that the great slump of 1929 ruined millions throughout the world because, by reducing purchasing power, it pulled down prices and brought disaster to the primary producers of all sorts of products—ores, metals, timber, textile fibres, rubber, and foods. Things became too cheap because they were not in demand.

The revival from this deplorable condition necessarily meant recovery in price. Australia, Argentina, and South Africa again obtain a fair price for their wool. The producers of copper, tin, and other metals are once more in funds. Tin is again approaching a price of £200 a ton. Rubber is fetching a remunerative figure. The Sydney wool sales show an advance of 5 to 10 per cent over the prices of last season, the best price realised being 1s 8d a pound.

Higher Wages

The rises in wholesale prices must be reflected in consumer's costs, and we must anticipate higher shop prices in some directions, which in turn must cause a demand for higher money wages. The adjustment of these matters in the world as we know it is extremely clumsy and calls for greater measures of control. It remains to be seen how British trade and industry will react to the new conditions. We can at least congratulate ourselves that the false cheapness of the great slump, due to lack of demand, has passed.

New world records of output are being recorded. In the year ended last June 5,500,000 motor-vehicles were made. Rayon output is also making record, while tinplate in June reached its biggest output figure in the history of the trade. The call for materials is insistent, and prices will probably expand farther.

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN WE BUY A LOAF

The Cost of Daily Bread

Because wheat is higher in price our farmers, under the Wheat Act, will receive a smaller bonus this year than last.

In 1935 they were paid 17s a quarter; in 1934 they got nearly 22s. This year they will get 15s 1d a quarter. Cheques go out to farmers on September 12.

We get so accustomed to law when it is once established that it is difficult to realise that we pay in three ways for our daily bread:

1. We pay the price asked by the baker or flour merchant.

2. In this price we meet a customs duty on foreign wheat.

3. We pay through taxation (as when we buy a taxed cinema ticket) something toward the wheat bonus paid by the Treasury to the British wheat farmer.

In return we have the satisfaction of supporting a vital industry and of making the nation much safer in time of war.

HOW PROFIT VARIES

It is a difficult thing to estimate with any precision the margin of profit made in industry, but Sir Josiah Stamp has done it. We find that:

For every £100 of profit made in the year 1924 £104 was made last year. Between those two years there were big variations. In 1929 the figure was up to nearly £107, and for 1932 it was down to £74. Such are the extreme risks of business.

MILLIONS OF BROKEN EGGS

SOME years ago a factory in London discovered a method of improving one of its products by the introduction of albumen, or white of egg.

An experiment was carried out with a few eggs a day which were broken by one of the chemists in his laboratory. The experiment was so successful that numbers of eggs became used, and as the white albumen only was required the yolks were sold to a local pastry-cook. So many hundreds of eggs were used in the factory that all the pastry-cooks in the neighbourhood could not make use of the yolks even if they were given away.

A solution of the problem was found in buying dried albumen from China. It is interesting to know from a recently published report that millions of eggs every day are broken for their albumen in China, the albumen being dried and exported as a powder.

An amazing feature of these albumen factories is that every single egg is broken into a little cup and is smelt by

a woman expert. If the smell is good the white is separated from the yolk and put into a container. In one single Chinese factory a million eggs a day are broken and smelt by girls. When enough white of egg is collected in a big pan from many hundreds of nice-smelling eggs the pan itself is smelt by a more important lady; and it is said that these overseers have developed such a keen sense of smell that they can detect if a bad egg has been used in a thousand whites. The albumen from the pans is finally mixed in a still larger pan, and a still higher lady once again smells the big pan. If she is satisfied, the material goes to the machine which dries it and prepares it for export.

It is a curious thing that, in spite of the very extensive use of albumen in manufacturing processes today, the chemist has never succeeded in making a synthetic albumen, and that practically every ounce used has to be passed by the smelling test of a Chinese girl.

The Dog's Point of View

IT has been thought worth while to cable home from America a note of rejoicing that a paragraph in the regulations of the United States Post Office has effected a considerable saving in that department.

It is the clause authorising postmen to decline to deliver letters at any house where a savage dog is kept. By avoiding such houses the postman's feelings are spared, while the State profits by not having so often to renew his trousers.

Similar safeguards protect our postmen at home, which makes it evident that our authorities regard fierce dogs as a permanent element in the catalogue of risks which our worthy postmen have to consider.

One of these postmen, a man of long service in a very doggy suburb of

London, has been explaining why it is that postmen seem the special object of attack.

He says it is not his uniform, it is not his personality, it is nothing offensive in postmen at all. The trouble arises solely, our postman thinks, from the defective reasoning of the dog. The postman may as a rule go safely to a house and deliver his packages with the entire approval of the dog; but when he turns to come away—whizz! the dog is at his heels. Why? Because it thinks the bag he is carrying is its master's, and that he is a thief trying to get away with stolen goods. He may deliver, but he must not carry off. That is the secret, according to our postman, of the long feud between the postman and the dog.

The Castle Under a Tennis Court

GARDENERS making a tennis court at Castle Garth House, which overlooks the River Wharfe at Wetherby in Yorkshire, have come upon stone walls 15 feet thick, some of them hundreds of feet long, and it is now believed that the ruins of a Norman castle have come to light.

The vegetable garden of the 20th century covers part of the site of this ancient stronghold, the tennis court is over the barbacane adjoining the keep, and the rockery is a wall which was new 800 years ago. Excavations on the side of the garden sloping to the river have shown that there was once a small stone pier,

which would be washed by the Wharfe in the days when it was much broader than now.

It is odd to think that a fortress where men of war strode in and out in the old fighting days should now be a peaceful garden; but this is not the only odd thing about Castle Garth House, for the roof came from a 400-year-old house near Batley, and the oak from Marston Moor where Cromwell fought. Now the owner finds that whenever he has strolled in his garden he has been walking in Norman England without knowing it.

Harvest Time in the Ukraine



A WOMAN'S HELPER

Adelaide Anderson of the Factories

FOUR PIONEERS

From a world of industry where she seemed never weary in well doing Dame Adelaide Anderson has passed away to her rest. She was 73.

To those who knew her only as a Lady Inspector of Factories she seemed a slender, active little lady, white-haired, with high forehead and bright eyes, who gave an instant impression of ability. But to thousands of women all over the United Kingdom who work in factories and workshops she was their protector and the friend to whom they took all their needs and troubles. To them in all her 28 years of service as a factory inspector she was seldom Miss Anderson, but always Adelaide Anderson, till, in recognition of what she had done, she became Dame Adelaide.

Decent Conditions For Workers

It is more than 40 years ago since the Home Office, made aware of the growing number of women employed in industry, appointed factory inspectors to see that women and girls should work under decent conditions and with proper hours in factories and workrooms. There was need for supervision because some of the factories were dreadful places, insanitary to the last degree, and the women had no one to whom they dared complain.

Adelaide Anderson was one of the band of four, the others being Miss May Abraham, Miss Jessie Paterson, and Miss Lucy Deane, who changed all that. They won the confidence of the workers and, more gradually, the respect of the employers. Theirs was a very hard task, because they had to contend with bad employers who would not comply with the Parliamentary regulations for cleanliness and elementary precautions for the health of the women, who were afraid to speak up.

Years of Struggle

But after years of struggle Adelaide Anderson and her colleagues effected reforms not in the conditions of factories only, but in the attitude of the factory owners, who at last came to see that the woman factory inspector was not an enemy but a friend.

Thanks to these pioneers the factory has become a cleaner, healthier place for the girl and woman worker. Dame Adelaide, at the end of her official career, said to the Manchester Guardian that it had been an enthralling life, and she thought no women had ever been happier than the factory inspectors.

But her work did not end in Great Britain. She travelled to China, and there won the help and approval of the Chinese Government in helping to stop the abuses of Child Labour, and in introducing right ways of administering the 20th-century Chinese Factory Acts.

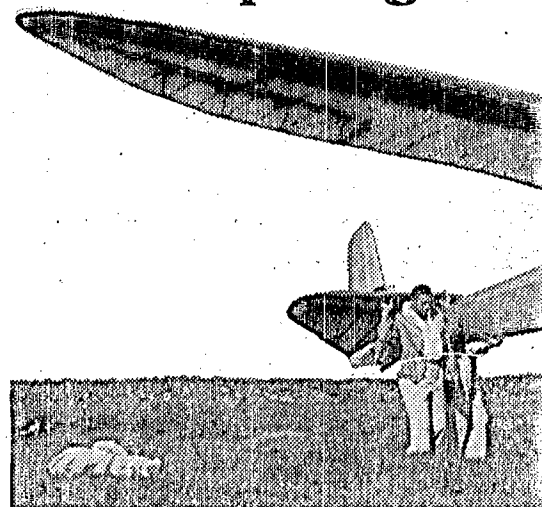
ONE MORE HERO WITH THE LEPERS

Father Forner's name now shines among those of many heroes who have risked their lives to help the lepers.

He caught leprosy while working among the poor of Goyaz, and has lately died at Santo Angelo, San Paulo, where he had been a patient in the leper hospital since 1928.

He made the most of those eight years in spite of his increasing weakness, and preached not only in the hospital but to lepers in other colonies. When he became voiceless he was still undaunted, and organised missions for various colonies, working hard to raise funds for them.

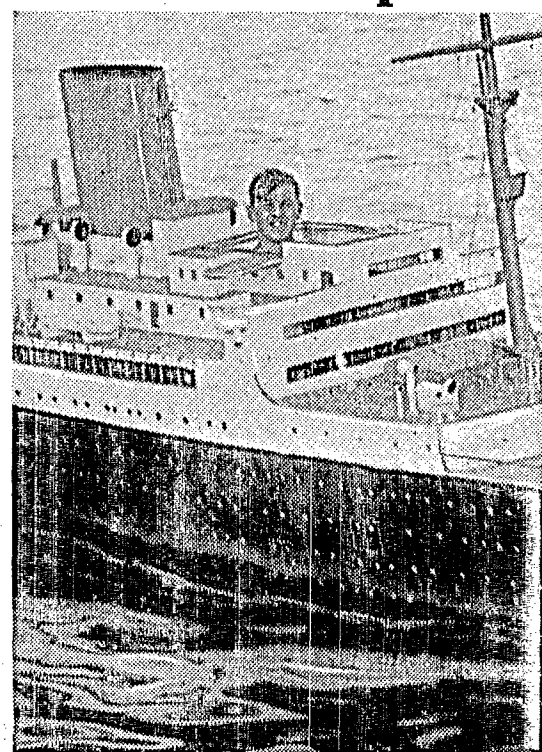
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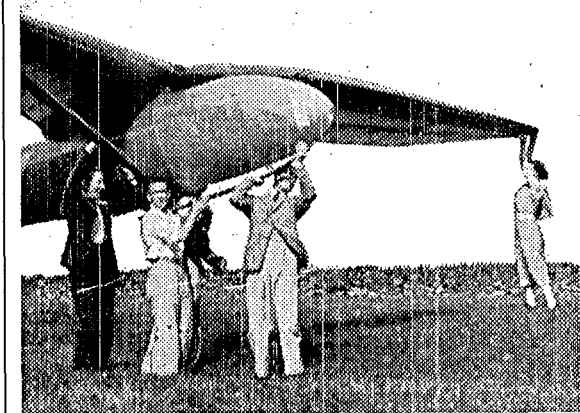
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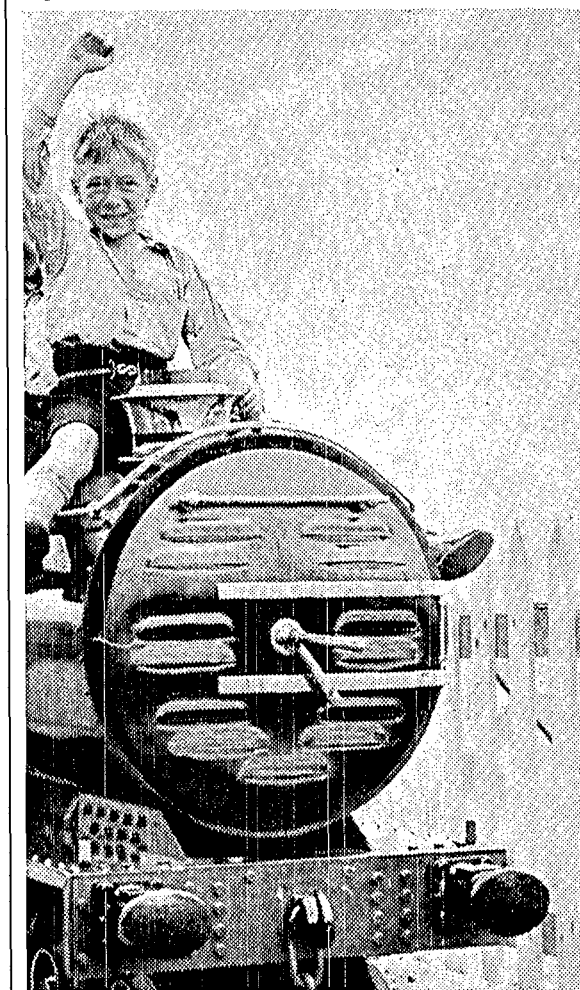
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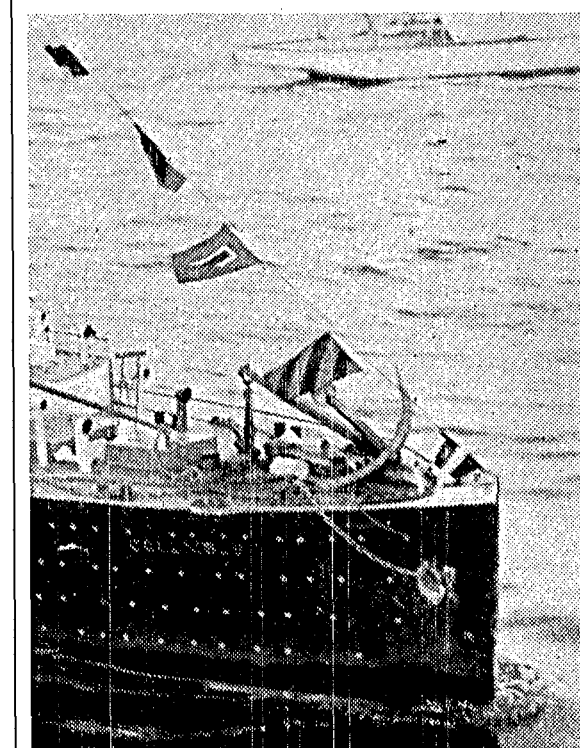
de on the Wind



on This Train



a Little Liner



THE INCREDIBLE HAPPENS

SEA AS PASTURE

Gifts of the Ocean To the Creatures of the Land

A TRAVELLER'S TALE COME TRUE

Pigs have flown, a silk purse has been made from a sow's ear, and now land animals have taken to browsing on the flesh of creatures of the deep.

It began with fish, moved on to whales, and now comes back again to fish.

The ponies left by the Vikings in Iceland were dieted for centuries during the winter on refuse of fish; the Shetland ponies have shared a similar diet in their native islands in time of scarcity.

Now the Vikings of other days, the Norwegians, have taken to feeding their pigs on surplus catches of herrings, with the result, it is said, that their breakfast bacon has a decidedly fishlike flavour, which hardy Norsemen do not in the least resent. But the Swedes, wonderful farmers, have done better than that.

Drying Herrings

Having progressed rapidly in the art of drying grass and other fodder as an incomparable winter food for their cattle, they have learned to dry herrings by the same plant—herrings sold cheaply when the market is glutted, as it often is when fish are caught in millions.

When dried the herrings are ground up and mixed with the dried clover grass—60 per cent of the fish meal to 40 per cent of the herbage. Here, it seems, is found an ideal diet for Swedish milch cattle.

The milk yield is improved in quality and quantity, and, thanks to the careful mixture of meal with vegetable matter, there is not the faintest flavour of fish. The enrichment of the milk is supposed to be due to the heavy vitamin content of the fish. This will be good news for our Herring Board, who are always impressing on the public the nutritious character of herrings (though they will not fillet them!).

Eating a Whale

As to the whales, they have gone to the sty. The Norwegians and Englishmen who cross the world to catch these leviathans no longer discard the flesh of the whale after the blubber has yielded up its precious quota of oil. The meat is saved, to be eaten by men and women in some countries, but brought home for the pigs of England.

Scientific observation shows that pigs with an addition of whale meat to their diet benefit from the vitamins so conveyed as Swedish cows benefit from the herring vitamins, and come to maturity two or three weeks earlier, and at greatly less cost, than pigs fed on old-fashioned rations.

Rich are the gifts of the sea. They always have been. Marco Polo told us seven centuries ago how the Arabians, impoverished by the fierce heat of the sun which scorched up the vegetation of their land, used dried fish for their cattle, sheep, goats, and horses, and converted the same substance into biscuits. We live and learn that not all traveller's tales are false.

WILD BIRDS OF SOUTH AFRICA

Over 14,000 wild birds have been exported from Durban, Natal, in the course of eight years.

In the Durban Museum recently Mr W. A. Dicker drew special attention to this cruel practice in the traffic of bird life, for, as he explained, birds are a great asset for the protection against insects. The assurance made by Colonel Deney's Reitz that in future bird life for export from South Africa would be greatly restricted was much appreciated.

THE MULES AND THE BANDITS

AN English missionary in North China has had a mixed experience of fear and joy.

He was travelling in the company of two of his colleagues, and the luggage was packed on four mules. The party rested for the night in a little village at the entrance to a valley. During the night, when they were camping in the open air, four bandits attacked them and took away the four mules. They tied the mules to the tails of the horses. Having got their plunder they took different roads; each ran on either side of the valley. The missionary and his party sat beside their tent wondering what to do next, and saw their mules being led away carrying all their belongings. A short time afterwards the two

mules on one side of the valley began to make a terrible noise, and their other two companions on the other side heard the cry and responded. So there rose in the silence of the night a regular chorus of the neighing of mules. Evidently it was a signal to meet one another, and, leaving the road, they began to slide down the hillside, continuing to neigh to each other. In their descent they dragged the horses with them, throwing off the bandits, who rolled down to the bottom of the valley. All the four mules met, and then started the journey back to the place of encampment.

The English missionary and his party were delighted to have their four mules back, and four horses as well.

Farewell To Louis Parensell

Who is Louis Parensell? He might be called a man of two words, and his story is short but delicious.

He was discovered by an American writer in search of material for a book on the dark lady of the Yorkshire moors, Emily Brontë. He had won Emily's heart and broken it, proclaimed the American, for she discovered in the British Museum the manuscript poem of Emily's which Charlotte printed after her sister's death under the title Last Words, and on it, said the American biographer, Charlotte had pencilled the name Louis Parensell.

Obviously the name of Emily's love, said the American lady, and that he was false to her was proved by the Last Words themselves, a scornful farewell to unfaithful love.

No one had ever heard of Louis Parensell before, or even suspected that part of Emily's melancholy was due to love of so romantic a figure, whose "black eyes and brows and lips of

falsest charm" she dismisses in this poem beginning

*I knew not twas so dire a crime
To say one word adieu.*

Those who know the Brontë family through literature better than they know the family next door were amazed at the late appearance of this elegant figure with the musical name. In fact, a contributor to the Times Literary Supplement went so far as the British Museum to see if he could learn more about Emily Brontë's mysterious love. He examined under a magnifying-glass the two words written on the poem; and that was the end of Louis Parensell, for the words revealed themselves to him and to the experts in the Museum's manuscript room as Love's Farewell.

So Romance has fled once more. Emily's love was revealed as Charlotte's alternative title to the poem, a title she dismissed, even as we must bid farewell to Louis Parensell.

Devon Thatch is Passing Away

THE appearance of hideous corrugated iron on Devon roofs was to be observed before the war, and has since grown with distressing rapidity. Iron for the barn and slate for the cottage are driving out the ancient thatch.

It must be conceded that thatch calls for more repair, and that the thatcher is disappearing as a craftsman. If thatch must go, the pity is that it should be replaced by iron and slate. Dark tiles harmonise perfectly with the English countryside, but in this we are again faced with the economic factor.

Tiles are dearer than slate, and because they are heavier they call for heavier timbers to support them.

A stout defender of thatch is Sir Archibald Hurd, who tells us how, 15 years ago, he had his house in Kent thatched with Norfolk reeds on a basis of asbestos to give protection from fire. Also he wired the edges to keep out the birds. So he obtained a roof warm in winter and cool in summer which is good, he thinks, for 60 to 70 years. None but the best hand-made tiles last as long as that.

Gathering Peat in the Isle of Skye



GALLIPOLI—THE MOST THRILLING MOMENT OF THE WAR

The King has been to Gallipoli, surely the most moving of all the experiences he has had on his holiday. The Turks floodlit the Bosphorus for him and great lights shone on the minarets of Constantinople, with

streamers saying "Welcome, Eduarde Rex." For ever Gallipoli must remain one of the most poignant names on the map for our English-speaking race, for here lie more than 30,000 of our men, over half in unknown

graves. In all the story of the flag has been no more thrilling adventure than that in which these men gave up their lives for us. This is the story. Had they won their goal the war must have been very much shortened.

WE need not hide the fact that this great enterprise failed. We need not be ashamed of tears as we think of thirty thousand glorious men who fell in these ravines and on the mountain slopes, and sleep there now amid "the silence that is in the lonely hills." There is room for hope and faith and trust in this great story, for a quickening of the heart that stirs with love of liberty and the soul that is on fire in this great cause of all mankind.

For the story of Gallipoli is the story of men who dared an impossible thing, and nearly did it. They dared a thing which those who knew said never could be done, and only an accident and a tragedy stayed them from doing it.

The accident was that a general lost his way in the dark; the tragedy was that at a critical moment in the history of the island we could not spare a hundred thousand men.

Triumph of a Moment

EARLY on the morning of August 9, 1915, when most of us were sleeping safely in our beds, we won for a moment the crowning height that overlooks the Dardanelles. Fearless little Gurkhas from India and sturdy lads from Lancashire dashed side by side up the slopes of Sari Bair and looked down on the Narrows. They saw the little British vessels that seemed likely so soon to go through. They stood there a moment and looked out from Europe into Asia, and then they ran—forward down the crest on the other side, the crown of glory in their grasp, the impossible accomplished. The Turk was flying before them. The war might soon be over.

But at that moment there was happening one of the saddest things in the story of the world. A British column was groping its way in the dark and got lost, and in losing its way it lost Constantinople for the Allies. There can be hardly any doubt of that. The fate of that dazzling city of the East, the hope of many an army in ages past, was changed in not many minutes, and these minutes, we may be sure, added many bitter months and many thousand deaths to the Great War.

The Missing Man

THE plan for that great day was that our troops should storm the height of Sari Bair and be reinforced by General Baldwin's column. Infinite pains had been taken, and the arrangements were perfect. There were guides along the narrow track which led to victory, and General Baldwin's column had only to find the way. But to find your way in Gallipoli in the dark, through country in which you have never been before, is to find your way in a maze, and, in spite of all precautions, the darkness, the rough country, the sheer steepness delayed the advancing column. In plain English, says the official despatch, Baldwin, owing to the darkness and the awful country, lost his way, through no fault of his own.

"So, at the supreme moment (the despatch goes on) when the Gurkhas and Lancashire men were on the crest, Baldwin's column was still a long way off, and, instead of reinforcements, there came upon our men a burst of heavy shell. The men were thrown into confusion by events so unexpected, and the Turkish commander saw his chance. He rallied his fleeing troops and turned them round, and the brave British troops, who had seen the Promised Land and had seemed for a moment to have held victory in their grasp, were forced backwards over the crest."

"But where was the main attack; where was Baldwin?" asks the official despatch, and it goes on to tell us that, when that bold but unlucky commander

found he could not possibly reach our trenches in time, he deployed for attack where he stood. Now his men were coming on in fine style, and, as the Turks topped the ridge with shouts of joy, the East Lancashire men and Hampshire men were charging up on our side of the slope. But it was too late. The Turks were at the crest again in overwhelming numbers, and the day was lost, the Narrows were lost, and Constantinople was lost.

Let us close this sad chapter with these words from the next day's story: "By evening the casualties had reached 12,000; ten commanding officers out of thirteen had disappeared from the fighting effectives; the Warwicks and the Worcesters had lost literally every



single officer." Baldwin was gone, and all his staff.

That was the accident by which we lost the Promised Land. Now there came a tragedy. The hope of storming the height was not yet gone, and within a week after Baldwin lost his way Sir Ian Hamilton, who was in command, had made up his mind that we could go through.

100,000 Men Wanted

THE Turks had strengthened their positions; they had more men than we had; they had plenty of ammunition, plenty of reinforcements, and they held all the points of vantage. Still the British general believed in his men—if only he could get them.

He sent home a long cable, and one day in the middle of August 1915 his desperate appeal arrived at the War Office in London. Autumn was already upon us, and if the campaign was to be brought to a quick, victorious decision large reinforcements must be sent at once. His British divisions were 45,000 short, and some of his fine battalions had dwindled down so far that he had to withdraw them from the fighting line. It was vital to replenish these sadly broken ranks, and when that was done he wanted 50,000 more. If he could get these 95,000 men it seemed to him humanly certain that we could get through; that "if this help could be sent at once we could still clear a passage for our fleet to Constantinople."

Always in war the cry is for men. We remember the answer of Sir John French at Mons: "I have sent you all the reinforcements that I can. You can have my two sentries."

Napoleon Angry

WE remember the cry of Westmoreland at Agincourt:

*O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in
England
That do no work today!*

And those of us who have read The Dynasts, Thomas Hardy's dramatic poem of the Napoleon Wars, remember the great scenes when the appeals come to Napoleon and Wellington for reinforcements to save the day. The messenger comes riding up to Napoleon, blood-stained and breathless, and says:

*The Prince of Moscow, sire, the Marshal
Ney,
Bids me implore that infantry be sent
Immediately, to further his attack.*

*They cannot be dispensed with, save we
fail!*

And then Napoleon, in anger:

*Infantry! Where the sacred God thinks he
I can find infantry for him? Forsooth,
Does he expect me to create them—eh?*

The Everlasting Cry

THE trembling messenger can but deliver his commission, but he has seen how France must fail

*Without such backing . . . Our cavalry
Lie stretched in swathes, fronting the
furnace-throats*

*Of the English cannon as a breastwork
built
Of reeking corpses. Marshal Ney's third
horse*

*Is shot . . . But I see,
Likewise, that I can claim no reinforcement,
And will return and say so.*

"Life's curse begins, I see, with helplessness," says Napoleon, when the messenger has gone. He fain would strengthen Soul:

Within an ace

*Of breaking down the English as he is,
I would write upon the sunset Victory!*

On the other side of the field a messenger for reinforcements is riding up. "Reinforcements!" shrieks Wellington:

*And where am I to get him reinforcements
In Heaven's name? I've no reinforcements
here.*

MESSANGER: *What's to be done, your
Grace?*

WELLINGTON: *Done? Those he has left
him, be they many or few,
Fight till they fall, like others in the field.*

Once again, as at Agincourt, as at Waterloo, as at Mons, the famine in men was a thing to break men's hearts. The answer that went back to Gallipoli from the War Office was that the men could not be sent, and the end of it is that the men who were there, though each fought with the strength of ten, could do no more, and today Gallipoli is silent.

Lost To Sight For Ever

WE had not the men, and without the men we could not win; but the men who were there and the things they did will live for ever in the history of freedom.

There was no such word as Anzac before then, but now it will not die. It will live on the maps of Gallipoli; it will live in history with the story of Horatius and Thermopylae. What book of Golden Deeds can ever again be published without this tale of Anzac told by Sir Ian Hamilton in this wonderful despatch:

In the course of the fight there happened a very mysterious thing. The 1/5th Norfolks found themselves for a moment less strongly opposed than the rest of the brigade.

Against the yielding forces of the enemy, Colonel Sir H. Beauchamp, a bold, self-confident officer, eagerly pressed forward, followed by the best part of the battalion. The fighting grew hotter, and the ground became more wooded and broken. At this stage many men were wounded or grew exhausted with thirst. These found their way back to camp during the night. But the Colonel, with 16 officers and 250 men, still kept pushing on, driving the enemy before him. Among these ardent souls was part of a fine company from the King's Sandringham estates. *Nothing more was ever seen or heard of any of them. They charged into*

*the forest, and were lost to sight or sound.
Not one of them ever came back.*

Side by side with the Anzacs (the men of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps) were men of the new British Army, and Sir Ian Hamilton, who has seen war at its best and worst, was thrilled with pride as he watched the advance of these yeomen.

There is usually some sort of cover for the bringing up of reserves in war, but here, for a mile and a half, there was nothing to conceal a mouse as these men of England came up to live or to die, and the commander writes that, despite the critical events in other parts of the field, he could hardly take his glasses from these men. "They moved like men marching on parade. Here and there a shell would take toll of a cluster; there they lay. There was no straggling; the others moved steadily on. Not a man was there who hung back or hurried."

They Died Where They Stood

MEN were brothers there, comrades every one. British generals fought in the ranks, and men dropped all those instruments of war that science has put into an army's hands, and fought as men fought in the Age of Stone. They caught one another by the throat in so desperate a battle that Sir Ian Hamilton, with all his power of words, cannot describe it. Again and again, he says, the Turks came on, fighting magnificently and calling upon the name of God, and our men stood to it, and with many a deed of daring maintained the old traditions of their race. It was the end of four days of fighting against great odds, but there was no flinching. Our men died where they stood.

Such things were done with the men who were there: what might not have been done with but one half of the hundred thousand for whom Gallipoli had cried in vain? We do not know. But for those who were there remains the consolation that Shakespeare gives them: *The fewer men the greater share of honour.*

From both sides of the earth they came, and through the eternal years their fame will ring. They held the flag of freedom high, and while England lives they will not die.

HOME AFTER SIX YEARS

The Pigeon That Dallied on the Way

A well-known owner of carrier pigeons has just welcomed back a bird which has returned after an absence of six years.

He immediately recognised it among the other birds, for he says pigeons have as much individuality as brothers and sisters in a family, and he knows every one of his own birds.

Some time ago a pigeon returned that had been away eight years, and it is his theory that pigeons will sometimes, on their flight from a distant spot homewards, be attracted to a mate, and will stay with the mate until death, when the straying bird, perhaps many miles away, will make his return to his old home with unerring accuracy.

The remarkable sense by which carrier pigeons will find their way, after just circling in the air a few times, is now thought to be due to the semi-circular canals of their ears acting as wireless compass receivers. The ability of insects to receive some sort of radiations is of course admitted, and the fact that the pigeon's sense of direction is very much disturbed when in the neighbourhood of big wireless transmitting stations has lent strength to this theory.

VENUS AND MARS

Two Worlds Coming Nearer To Us

A RACE WITH THE EARTH

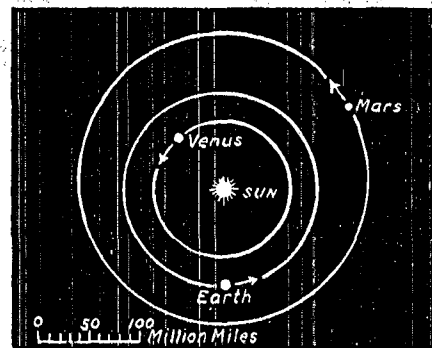
By the O N Astronomer.

The radiant world of Venus should now be readily glimpsed of an evening low in the west and within an hour of sunset, providing the sky is clear down to the horizon.

Jupiter will also be seen away to the left, at a much higher altitude in the south-west.

Venus sets over an hour after the Sun and on September 18 may be seen to the right of the crescent Moon. Venus is now about 145 million miles away, but is coming nearer, and will overtake the Earth in April next.

Meanwhile Venus will continue to race after our world at her great speed



The present positions of Venus and Mars relative to that of the Earth

of 22 miles a second, and we may see her gradually growing brighter and rising higher into the heavens.

Though she is coming toward us at a speed over forty times faster than a shot leaves a gun, it must be remembered that our world is racing away from her at about 18½ miles a second and in an oblique direction, as can be seen from the accompanying picture. Here the Earth and Venus are shown in their present relative positions and it can be seen why Venus now appears so near to the Sun, as observed from our world, and why Venus presents an almost circular disc to us.

Mars is another world that is coming nearer. In his case it is because our world is racing after Mars, and owing to her greater speed of 18½ miles a second as compared with an average of 15 miles a second by Mars, the Earth slowly overtakes him; but not until next summer will she draw level and Mars be at his nearest to us.

At present Mars is about 220 million miles away and so appears of only second magnitude. He may be observed low in the south-east sky before day-break and not far from the star Regulus, which next week will be between nine and eight times the Moon's width below Mars and appear somewhat brighter than him. From 4.30 to 5.30 will be the best time to look for them.

If Regulus Were Nearer

On the morning of September 13 an additional aid to their identification will be provided by the slender crescent of the Moon, which will be below Mars and Regulus; but as there are no other bright stars in that region they should be soon recognised. Moreover, as Mars is travelling eastward, he may be seen during the next two weeks gradually to approach Regulus until, by September 24, they will appear little more than the Moon's width apart.

Actually Regulus will be about 17,000,000 times farther away from us than Mars; so were Regulus as near to us as that little planet we should have a great sun much larger than our own in the sky. For whereas Regulus radiates 70 times more light than our Sun and is something like 2,000,000 miles in diameter, Mars is only a little world 4215 miles in diameter, or little more than half that of the Earth.

G. F. M.

THE LITTER LOUT IN THE AIR

Paper From a Plane

A litter lout who threw out sheets of paper from an aeroplane has been before the court charged with imperilling the safety of the pilot and his fellow-passengers.

It seems that the paper became entangled in vital parts of the plane and might have caused a serious accident.

We have often wondered what would happen when the litter lout took to flying. Apparently if what he throws out might endanger life he can be charged; but supposing the sky starts to rain orange peel and cigarette cartons instead of the proverbial cats and dogs?

A bit of orange peel on the head might hurt nobody, though a limb may be broken by slipping on it; but it would be very unpleasant to have litter hurtling down through the sky.

Rubbish From Cars

Anyone who rides along our roads must occasionally have got behind the car whose windows open to let out bits of paper on this side, a chocolate wrapping on the other, and the inevitable shower of orange and banana skins. The people in the car do not like the look of this rubbish, so they throw it out to offend the eyes of all the other people who pass by; or if they happen to get out of the car to eat they leave the rubbish scattered on the clean bit of grass which tempted them to have their picnic there but will tempt no one else when they have finished with it.

Commercial aeroplanes can have notices forbidding travellers to throw anything out, and the thrower can be charged if life is endangered. Some of our municipal authorities fine the land litter louts; but most of them are free to litter streets and woods and grass verges with their rubbish, and only example can teach them and only public opinion restrain them. Let us have more of both from all who prefer pavements uncluttered with paper and grass unstrewn with bottles and orange peel.

URGENT, FROM THE KING

A Good Deed at Dundee

A few days ago Archibald Fairley of Dundee saw 50 pigeons flying south.

Suddenly one of them struck a wire and fluttered to the ground. Young Fairley picked it up, carried it home, rendered first aid, and nursed the little patient back to health and strength.

In the meantime he heard from the National Homing Association that the pigeon was to be sent to an address at Sandringham; and as soon as it was able to bear the journey he packed it off in a crate, and thought no more about it. Never had he dreamed that the bird belonged to the King, and he was very surprised when, a few days after, a crate came for him labelled, *Live Birds. Urgent, from His Majesty the King.*

So a bird in the hand has brought two in the crate.

A LONDON BOY COMES HOME

A London boy who served in the Metropolitan Police and left England in 1904 to seek his fortune in New Zealand has returned to London to be High Commissioner for New Zealand.

When he left England at the age of 25 Mr Jordan had been in turn a postman and a policeman. In New Zealand he worked as a farmer, builder, painter, and paperhanger. He served in the Great War and was wounded in France, and for 14 years he has been a member of the New Zealand Parliament.

It is said that when he began his maiden speech in Parliament he said, "This is not the first time I have had M P after my name. I was in the Metropolitan Police."

WHAT THE LAW ALLOWS

EXCUSING ROAD DEATHS

Speed Enthroned in High Places

THE BUILT-UP AREAS

The Ministry of Transport's report on road deaths in 1935 is notable for the blame placed on killed pedestrians, who are actually said to be responsible, as to four out of five, for their own terrible fate.

The immediate answer to this verdict is given by the fact that about half the killed and wounded are not pedestrians at all, but persons either driving vehicles or carried in them.

It should be obvious that if motorists were not mainly to blame pedestrians would form a great majority of the road victims. In fact, we find that roundly half the accidents consist of collisions between two or more vehicles in which, as a rule, all the motorists concerned put the blame on the motorists with whom they collide.

There are other proofs in the matter. One is that in the City of London there are few deaths. That is because it is so crowded that vehicles cannot move quickly. Speed being thus eliminated, pedestrians are rarely killed in the heart of London.

Where Casualties Are High

It is in the built-up areas, where speeding is possible, that most pedestrians are killed. In such areas the law allows 44 feet per second as a legal speed. Pity the pedestrians in places where 44 feet per second is lawful!

It is necessary for our governors to realise that we are a busy people, and that for busy men and women it is difficult or impossible always to be concentrating on the avoidance of those travelling 44 feet per second (often much more) in a busy road.

The dead pedestrians cannot give evidence, or we should get a very different report.

There have been millions of road casualties since the war, and millions more are certain to occur unless there is drastic and proper control of speed. It is this control which Speed, enthroned in high places, seeks to avoid in every possible way.

TRIUMPHANT WEEDS

A Campaign Needed

Our normally weedy country, where so much land is given up to shabby and neglected pasture, sees the weeds triumphant in 1936. The persistent rains have magically increased every sort of growth.

Thistles, bracken, ragwort, sorrel, and other weeds have spread luxuriantly.

The general rule for the extermination of perennial weeds is to cut and cut again. The creeping thistle, for example, depends for its life (apart from re-sowing) on the store of nourishment contained in the root system. If the plant is freely cut as soon as it appears in the spring and through the summer the roots become exhausted in endeavouring to gain fresh growth, and the plant perishes. Persistent cutting in a single season eradicates the weed.

Why, then, do so many weedy fields exist? The answer in many cases is that those who own them have not the means to set labour to work to cut several times in a season.

What is needed is a systematic campaign against what we may call the great weeds. They are the rats of the vegetable world, and need much more than the haphazard efforts that give up to waste so much of our countryside. It would be well worth while to employ official bands of weed destroyers, the Board of Agriculture collecting from farmers, say, a third of the cost of clearing their lands.



For
Rosy Cheeks
and
Sparkling
Eyes

TO see your child happy and vigorous ... eyes bright ... cheeks aglow with radiant health ... What a picture to warm and gladden the heart!

You can ensure this perfect health if you remember the importance of correct nutrition. To be quite certain that your child's dietary provides all the vital health-giving elements, make 'Ovaltine' his or her regular daily beverage.

'Ovaltine' is, in itself, a complete and perfect food made from the highest qualities of malt, milk and eggs. It is rich in proteins to build up firm flesh and muscles; mineral salts and calcium to build strong bones and teeth; organic phosphorus for sound nerves; carbohydrates in their most assimilable form for energy in work and play, and the necessary vitamins for health.

But be sure it is 'Ovaltine.' There is only *one* 'Ovaltine'—there is nothing just as good."

OVALTINE

Gives Energy and Robust Health.

Prices in Great Britain and N. Ireland
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.

P.215a

Every Boy and Girl
should join the
League of Ovaltineys

MANY thousands have joined and are having great fun with the secret highsigns, signals and code. Write for official rule-book and details to the Chief Ovaltiney, Dept. 31, 184, Queen's Gate, London, S.W.7.

THE JOY BUREAU

A Great City's Clearing House For Happiness

NEW YORK'S GOOD IDEA

The Londoner whose clock has stopped has quickly learned to ring T I M on his telephone dial for correct information; our American cousins have gone one better.

The New Yorker who wants a breath of country air at small expense, or a lecture that will enable him better to understand this sorry muddle of a world, or a concert that will uplift his heart, rings up a little office connected with Grace Church. Here is collected all the information, always so hard to find in a big city, about the thousand and one means that exist to enjoy oneself—if only one knew!

Here they can tell you where and when the bands play, which museums are open in the evenings, which galleries are showing good pictures, which station to book to for a brisk walk through the woods, which beach to go to if you want fun and a crowd, or which one to seek if you need solitude and rest.

The Joy Bureau also serves those who hate waste. People who are not able to use their car telephone JOY to say that it is available to take someone's crippled aunt about town, or a convalescent child for a day at the sea. Others who have theatre tickets they can't use send them to the Joy Bureau, knowing they will give someone pleasure.

This is a splendid idea. London badly needs a similar office. We have waited a long time for the LCC to provide something of the sort at County Hall; in the meantime perhaps some other body, inspired by Grace Church's example, will initiate a clearing-house for happiness by means of which the riches of our great city can be made more useful to its people.

THE WANDERING MINSTRELS OF SWEDEN

Lovely Folk-Songs

Four minstrels in a boat, a sculptor, a merchant, a veterinary, and a watchmaker, recently started a trip down the River Dalelvin in Dalecarlia, the heart of Sweden.

They decided to follow the course of the river down to the sea, playing their old tunes on their fiddles, clarinet, and guitar as they went along. On their way they are enthusiastically welcomed everywhere in the villages, farmhouses, and cottages on the river banks, where the people come to listen to their music.

For centuries the country musicians of Sweden have played a prominent part in the life of the people, and there still are real dynasties of these rustic minstrels, who have inherited their fiddles, their gift for music, and their old tunes from their forefathers. During later years a systematic and energetic attempt to record and preserve the old tunes and songs has been carried on. The collections now comprise some 18,000 tunes and songs, 6000 of which are in print.

The folk-songs of Sweden, mostly born in lonely districts, are in many cases real treasures of melodious beauty and have inspired great composers and musicians. There is at present a wave of national interest in this music, which is frequently played and sung at concerts, over the wireless, and in the schools.

Owing to the scarcity of leopards in many parts of the South African Union Zulu chiefs have been considerably alarmed as to where they are to obtain their ceremonial covering in the future. The leopard skin is worn by these chiefs on all great occasions.

WHAT HAPPENED ON YOUR BIRTHDAY

If it is Next Week

Sept. 13. Charles James Fox died at Chiswick 1806
14. Montcalm, defender of Quebec, died 1759
15. Fenimore Cooper born, Burlington, USA 1789
16. Dean Colet died in London 1519
17. Walter Savage Landor died in Florence 1864
18. William Hazlitt died in London 1830
19. Battle of Poitiers in the 100-Years War 1356

A Lover of Learning

John Colet, Dean of St Paul's and son of a wealthy Lord Mayor of London, was an active promoter of education and learning in the early Tudor period.

A lover of learning, he pursued his studies on the Continent after leaving



Oxford University, and came into touch with some of the most vigorous spirits in the movement for reviving a knowledge of the literatures of Greece and Rome. Erasmus was his intimate friend.

Colet's most lasting monument is St Paul's School, which he founded and endowed to serve the City of London.

He left the management of the school to the Mercers Company, and asked that "married citizens" should be chosen for the duty, thus helping to take education out of the hands of men who lived secluded lives, removed from the world's practical business.

Colet was a bold preacher, and at times in danger as a reformer, but he was too strong a man to be safely persecuted.

ZULU TRIBESMEN CHOOSE THEIR CHIEF

Louwsburg, a tiny village of Natal, was recently the scene of barbaric splendour.

About 3000 Zulus of the Ngenetsheni tribe gathered at the Courthouse to hear from the Native Commissioner who was to be their new chief in succession to the great ruler Kambi, who died a few months ago.

On horseback and on foot the warriors gathered. Impis (regiments) of plumed Zulu warriors leaped and danced as they advanced, while singing weird Zulu songs of long ago.

So the members of the people of Kambi, the second largest Zulu tribe, eagerly awaited the news.

After an impressive speech the magistrate stated that Kambi had made his son Mshipa his heir, but as Mshipa had died during Kambi's lifetime the small son of Mshipa would rule. As the heir was a minor the people were invited to nominate a Regent, which was done after a long meeting.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C N for September 1911

England in the Grip of Labour War. The great shipping strikes had barely died out when there suddenly flared up a disagreement at the London docks; and this dispute was barely settled when grave disturbances arose among all sorts of workers, in all parts of the country, battles taking place at Liverpool between the soldiers and crowds of rioters. Some struck for higher wages, some for shorter hours of labour, and when they did strike the trade of London was paralysed.

The struggle lasted nearly a week, and the results were disastrous. On the first day of the strike there were over a hundred thousand cases of perishing food on the silent ships. When these words are being written England seems almost on the verge of famine, if not of civil war.

FAMOUS HOUSE

FOR SALE

Home of the Author of Christians, Awake!

One of the oldest buildings in Salford is for sale. It is a 16th-century house known as Kersal Cell, and the City Council has the chance of buying it.

Whether the council will feel able to buy it we do not know, but we know that the house should be preserved, for it was the home of John Byrom, the poet who gave us the famous Christmas hymn *Christians, Awake!*

It was in this old house that Byrom was born in 1692. One of the most charming men of his day, he wrote droll poems as well as hymns, and is generally believed to have been the author of that witty rhymed toast which, in the awkward times of the 1715 rebellion, when no one was sure who ought to be king, George the First or the Pretender, gave a blessing to both:

*God bless the king, God bless our faith's defender,
God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender;
But who pretender is, and who is king,
God bless us all, that's quite another thing.*

John Byrom invented a system of shorthand which he taught to students who were sworn to secrecy, John Wesley being one of them. A scholar, a man who loved to do good, a humorist, and a devout churchman, he stands out as a rare spirit, and we hope that Salford will find it possible to preserve Kersal Cell which is so closely linked with him.

PUNCH TAKES UP FARM MANAGEMENT

A Story From Russia

How a Punch and Judy show reformed life on a collective farm in the Soviet Union is told by Sidney and Beatrice Webb in their book on Soviet Communism.

In the village of Shemyaline, not far from Moscow, the newly-organised farm was by no means a success. Several members of the group had some fairly clear ideas about what was wrong, but they did not know how to express them. At a meeting a teacher suggested that they should get up a Punch and Judy show based on the work of the farm.

Punch, though an international character, often changes his name on crossing a frontier. In Russia he is known as Petrushka. This home-made Petrushka drew a large audience, with the very slack farm manager looking disdainful in the front row.

But Petrushka is no respecter of persons. He told them all off, manager and workers alike, putting his finger on their weak spots with wit and skill. The audience roared with laughter and egged him on from one saucy criticism to the next—all but the manager, whose face grew grimmer and grimmer. As the curtain came down he went behind the scenes, demanding that Petrushka be removed from public life. Petrushka was not removed. The manager went instead.

A DOG'S LIFE

The Knell of Old Nell

Old Nell has died at the age of 14.

No more will she be seen walking the pavements of Manchester and Salford; no more will she collect money for charity. After a ten-days illness, in which pneumonia and old age broke down her strength, she has died.

A black curly retriever, she is today mourned by a postman. Three engraved collars, five medals, and a cup from the Salford Royal Hospital, all these Old Nell earned. With her box on her back she collected £750. She had a dog's life, but she did a great work.

AUSTRALIA'S

HARMLESS DESERT

A Traveller Crosses the Dreaded Simpson

WAITING FOR WATER

A journey across the Dead Heart of Australia recalls some of the splendid failures and successes of earlier Australian pioneers in that desolate land.

Mr E. A. Colson who made it struck out, not as many of those had done from the south to the north, but started from the Finke River, which early on its course runs through Alice Springs in the Northern Territory. Alice Springs is prosperous and populous, a landmark in North Australia. South and East of it the Simpson Desert stretches to the western border of Queensland.

Five Camels

Over this desert of 43,000 square miles, nearly as big as England, Mr Colson made his way with a black boy for company and five camels to carry his baggage. The camel, introduced long ago into Australia, is as good a beast as can be found for the arid expanses in its interior. It comes into Adelaide sometimes from outlying South Australian stock farms. Mr Colson's camels carried 80 gallons of water for him, and he needed them.

Soon after he set out he passed the last hill on the map, Mount Ettingamba, and then for 130 miles crossed a country which with its shrubs and bush, refreshed by recent rains, hardly looked like desert at all.

Then he sighted the first dry salt lake, and the only small hills he found in a journey of 300 miles. Ten more lakes of the same kind, dry and salty, were seen in his 16-days journey; but the most surprising discovery he made was that the dreaded Simpson Desert was something of a fraud.

Desert Pastures

It had only just emerged from one of the worst droughts in living memory, but the rains that had come at long last had turned it into mile after mile of herbage and grass with dry strips in between. Everything that grew was food for cattle, and Mr Colson believed that if only some escape were found when long drought descends on this thirsty land it might become good pasture.

The years of unbroken drought are the dark spell laid on it, and make settlement there impossible, unless and until some form of irrigation, with artesian wells and bores, comes to redeem it.

A most interesting observation made by Mr Colson is that the sands on the Simpson Desert are not moving south to encroach on the good lands or the timber of South Australia. Other deserts are contributing to this threat, and Australia, which lives on and in its wide coastland wooded belt, must take care of its forests in time. But the Simpson Desert will give no trouble.

1 2 3

66,313 visitors from abroad landed in this country during July.

1,172,980 people visited the British Museum last year.

2,538,000 tons of vegetables were carried to market last year by British railways.

22,000,000 postage stamps are sold in the British Isles every week-day.

£2,600,000 was the value of new cars produced in Canada during June.

£5,668,279 was the total revenue from goods entering the Port of London last year.

£222,000,000 is deposited in the savings banks of Australia.

LETTERS

Millions of letters pass through our post offices every day.

Long before Sir Rowland Hill gave us the penny post letters were carried to the ends of the earth. As far back as 2100 B.C. Hammurabi, King of Babylon, conducted his correspondence in a businesslike way, dictating to his secretaries, who wrote quickly on clay tablets. Having sprinkled the tablet with fine sand and addressed the clay envelope, the secretary gave the letter to a servant, who carried it to a furnace where it was baked before being dispatched.

From the ruins of Pompeii comes a love-letter on an ivory tablet: "Indeed thou art a god to me. Thy beauty and strength have blotted from my eyes all other men. I am young, and the suitors I despise say that I am beautiful. I will wait, beloved, near the Temple of Isis."

The Perfect Letter is Brief

An odd find in Egypt was a letter a boy wrote to his father 17 centuries ago. It is scrawled on papyrus, and says boldly: "Theonas to his father, greeting! If you won't take me to Alexandria with you I won't eat, I won't drink. There now. Farewell, Theonas."

Charles Dickens makes Sam Weller say, "The great art o' letter writing is to make them wish there vos more." Some of the most beautiful letters in the world have been exceedingly brief; and we do not know one more tender than the lines Alexander Whyte wrote to the widow of Sir Thomas Clarke after hearing that her husband, his own very good friend, had died on Christmas Eve. "Dear Lady Clarke (he wrote), What a glorious Christmas morning this is for Sir Thomas."

The letters of Abraham Lincoln and Cromwell, of Sir Thomas More and the Earl of Chesterfield, of Gilbert White, the naturalist of Selborne, are among the world's priceless possessions. Captain Scott, penning his last brave letters before death overtook him in the Far South; Dr Johnson, declining the patronage of one who would have smiled on him in his hour of triumph; Mary Queen of Scots, sending secret letters which Elizabeth's prime minister intercepted—these are now part of our history. Chief among the world's letter writers is St Paul, whose epistles, treasures of great price considered as literature alone, have shaped the thoughts and lives of men for nearly 1900 years.

A Cynic Who Was Wrong

A little while ago a cynic in America pinned a dollar bill to a postcard, addressing it to the President at White House. "If you receive this (he wrote) confidence in God has been restored, and the love of money is vanishing." After passing through many hands it was delivered with the note attached.

But the loveliest story we know of a postcard is of the one which brought joy to a dear old soul in a Poor Law institute. She had been there fifty years, and had never had anyone to see her, never the joy of receiving a letter.

One day a postcard reached her from a nurse who was away on holiday. Over and over again the lonely old woman had it read to her, and as she lay in bed she kept it by her. When she died, three or four days later, she was still clutching it in her hands; and they let her keep it when they buried her.

If you want Peace teach it
to your children

Give Them the C N

ST BRIGID'S CLOAK 900 Years in a Cathedral

It has often been found that tradition is founded on fact.

It has always seemed unlikely that the piece of curly woollen fleece said to be part of St Brigid's cloak, which has been treasured for 900 years in the cathedral of St Sauveur at Bruges, was actually worn by the Irish saint, who was born as long ago as the 5th century.

Now some remarkable evidence has been found in ancient documents by a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries that the fabric, which is very ancient and shows signs of hard wear, actually may have been part of St Brigid's mantle.

It is a piece of shaggy dark crimson material, about 21 by 25 inches, and was taken to Belgium by an English princess, the sister of King Harold, when she fled after the Battle of Hastings in 1066.

Before he became king of England Harold had lived in Ireland as an exile. While he was the guest of the King of Leinster it is likely that, when making a pilgrimage to the tomb of the saint at Kildare, he acquired this relic.

Shaggy weaving, which is extremely ancient in Europe, was probably an Irish custom long before Brigid's time, and there are many allusions in old manuscripts to shag-rug mantles. It has been found that the piece of shag-rug at Bruges was coloured with dye made from iron-oxide, and artists of the future will be able to represent the exact tint of her mantle.

CARRYING COAL A Monumental Work

Every year some 170 million tons of coal and coke are carried by our railways, apart from 14 million tons used by the railways themselves, mainly to carry the 170 millions.

We are reminded how the first rails were laid down at a colliery to help to carry coal, and how the locomotive was invented by colliery engineers.

Mineral traffic lines are used exclusively for coal traffic in many districts, while short lines connect collieries with the railway main lines. Many miles of railway sidings are also provided to hold loaded and empty wagons.

The volume of coal traffic is so vast that special marshalling facilities are provided at suitable points, at some of which more than a million wagons are dealt with annually. There are some 750,000 coal wagons in use. Complete trains are run for gas, electricity, and industrial works. Some of these carry as much as 1200 tons of coal.

HIDDEN FRUITS C N Competition Result

The prizes in C N Competition Number 7, for the lists containing the greatest number of correct names of fruits made up from the letters on the ship, have been awarded as follows:

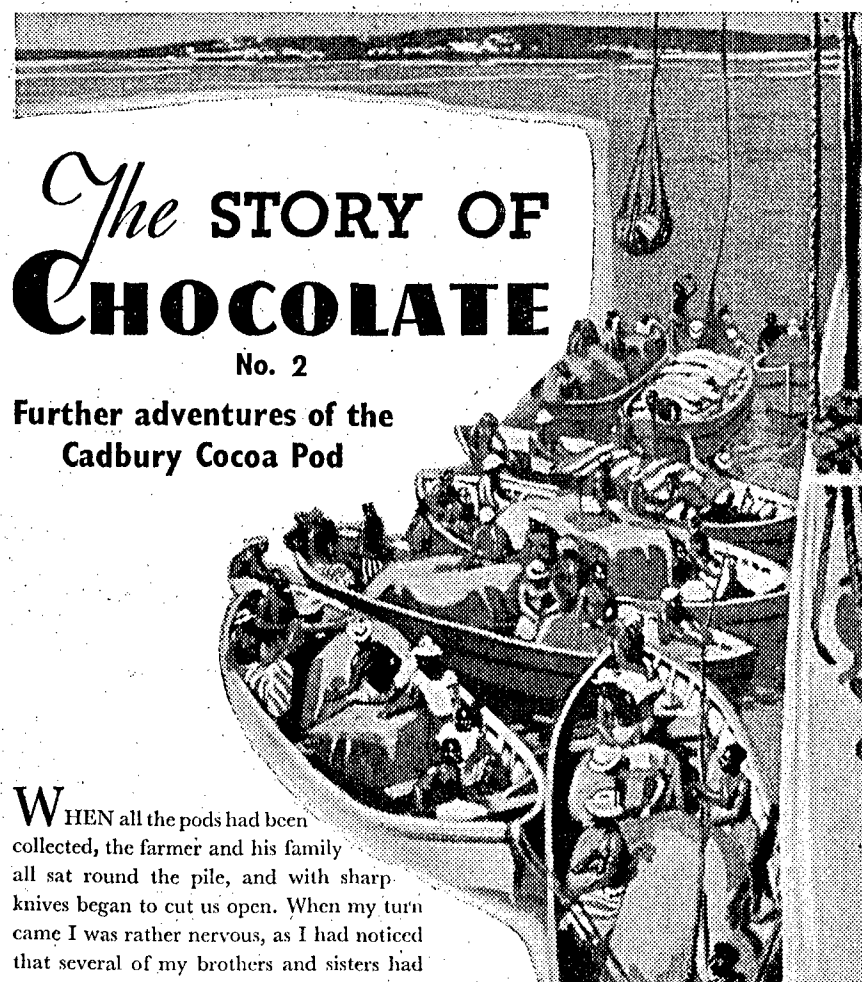
One ten-shilling prize to Nancy Lenkeith, 253 rue Paradis, Marseilles, France.

The other ten-shilling prize is divided between the following two competitors who tied with the next longest list: Beatrice Harrop, 254 Palatine Road, Blackpool, and Ruth Hepworth, Temperance Villa, Gawthorpe, Ossett, Yorks.

The 12 prizes of half-a-crown each have been awarded to the following entrants whose lists came next in order of merit:

E. G. D. Andrews, Manchester; Greta Cree, Dumbarton; W. E. Flewett, Dover; Isabel Keane, Staines; A. H. Louttit, Edinburgh; Jean MacLachlan, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Kathleen Maskew, Walsall; Dorcen Morearty, Woolwich; M. Scotcher, Heston; Bert Simms, Ashton-under-Lyne; Jeanne Wilson, Buckingham; C. J. S. Worts, East Ham.

The Editor sends his congratulations to these boys and girls. Be sure to watch the C N for more competitions. Another will appear next week.



The STORY OF CHOCOLATE

No. 2

Further adventures of the Cadbury Cocoa Pod

WHEN all the pods had been collected, the farmer and his family all sat round the pile, and with sharp knives began to cut us open. When my turn came I was rather nervous, as I had noticed that several of my brothers and sisters had turned out to be too ripe, or not ripe enough, and so were no good for making into cocoa. But fortunately I did not disgrace my family, and I was then handed to one of the girls, who scooped out the beans with a spoon, and separated them from the stringy core that held them together.

THE BEAN HAS A SUN BATH

We were all laid out on banana leaves—a glistening snow-white mass of beans, wet with juice. We were piled into heaps, covered with more banana leaves and left to ourselves for three days, when the farmer came and turned us all over before covering us up again and leaving us for another three days, until we were clean and much drier.

Our next adventure was being thoroughly baked in the hot sun, spread over a table or platform. Here we stayed for three days, gradually growing crisp and so sunburnt that in the end we were a rich brown all the way through.

THE CADBURY BEANS ARE COLLECTED

When the farmer decided that we had been in the sun long enough, we were all shovelled into sacks.

Here every sack was carefully looked at by various men whose job was to choose beans to make into cocoa and chocolate. I and the other beans in my sack had already heard ourselves talked about as being 'Cadbury Quality'—and very proud we were, too.

As our buying station was not on the railway that ran down to the coast, we were piled up with other sacks in a big Cadbury lorry, and driven to Koforidua. When we reached Koforidua, we were loaded on to the railway. The railway took us down to Accra, a very big seaport.

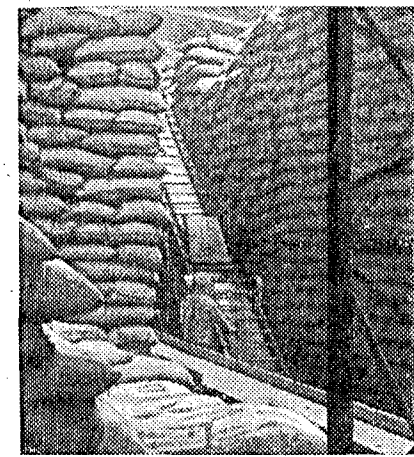
Our sacks were unloaded into a number of small surf boats, which were rowed out by natives across the deep blue water until they came alongside the big ocean liner which was to take us all the way to England. From the surf boats we were hauled up on to the liner by derricks as you see on the picture above.

Here are the surf boats standing alongside the big liner. The sacks of cocoa beans are hauled up on board by derricks.

This was the start of our journey to England. After twenty-eight days our ship landed us at Liverpool Docks. We were really in England. At Liverpool we were unloaded on to a train, and we knew that now we were very near Bournville, our future home.

HOME AT LAST

The waggon we travelled in belonged to Cadburys. When we were near Bournville



This shows part of a Cocoa Bean Warehouse. Over 100,000 sacks of beans are stored away here until they are required to be made into Bournville Cocoa.

our waggon was unhooked from the train, and it was shunted on to a side-line and taken right into the factory's own station by a special Bournville engine.

When we arrived at Bournville my sack was carefully inspected and weighed and was put away in an enormous storehouse where over 100,000 sacks of beans can be stacked until the day they are needed. In my next story you will hear just what happened to me when the day came for me to be made into cocoa.

THE CHARIOT RACE

CHAPTER 7

Leonidas Wonders

For long that night Leonidas sat on in the lamplight, at war with himself.

For while his sturdy nature resented the idea of submission to threats, there was deeply ingrained in him, as in all his fellow-countrymen, much dread of the vengeance of the gods upon those who resisted them. He thought of the mortals whom Zeus had destroyed for presumption. He thought of those others who had suffered the wrath of the Furies; of Alecto with the serpents twined in her hair, of red-robed Tisiphone, of relentless Megaera. Little wonder his thoughts made him shudder.

For was not he Leonidas, the son of Antigonus who himself had been one time a slave, was not he presuming? he asked himself gloomily. And had not the illustrious Agnon warned him. How could he, a petty farmer, a son of the soil, presume to pit his steeds in front of all Greece against those of the noblest families in the land!

In this mood of humbled depression he sought his couch.

He tossed on his couch. The night watches brought him no comfort. But as soon as the day began to show in the sky, and the birds began to twitter under his eaves, and a fox, returned from its foray, barked thrice in the forest, he arose, and, after offering a sacrifice to Phoebus Apollo, he proceeded to Critias with a resolute stride.

He found his charioteer engaged in those physical exercises whereby he kept his muscles and sinews alert. "O Critias," he said, as he stood aside watching, "the night hath been heavy indeed, but the morning brings courage. And thrice a fox hath barked for me from the forest."

As Leonidas spoke Critias sprang erect from his toes as lightly as a curling leaf puffed by the breeze. "I finish!" he smiled. "I have now but to anoint my body with oil to preserve its suppleness; but that can wait until your tidings are told. You have, then, dissolved your anxiety?"

"Not so. Yet in part. For this is now my intention: to journey swiftly to Delphi to consult the Oracle."

"You do right, I believe," answered Critias, after reflection. "For in every grave conjecture of mortal affairs tis fitting and reverent to invoke the deities."

"And it may be that perceiving me thus humble-minded the Furies will relent them," added Leonidas.

"Go then. And good fortune attend you!" "I would that you yourself could attend me, my Critias."

"But I cannot be spared from the horses. Take the lad Philip. He hath some intelligence and a cheerful demeanour, and being, as I may express it, at one with your steeds, he may find favour in the eyes of the god. For in truth, had I not to keep them firmly in hand, your milk-whites would follow that lad as a dog follows master. But doubtless you have noticed that for yourself."

"I noticed the other day how they calmed to his voice when displaying curious restlessness in the presence of Agnon." Leonidas paused. "Now, think you," he asked in a new tone, "that my sensitive beauties had grown distrustful of Agnon?"

"It is possible," Critias answered, shrugging his shoulders. "But more likely they were resenting the scent in his beard. Moreover, is not his utterance harsh to the ear?"

"It is. And one must not think ill," said Leonidas gently, taking his leave.

Then, back in his chamber, he sent for Philip.

"Prepare yourself for a journey, Philip," he bade. "In my wagon you shall travel with me to Achaia."

"To visit the lord Agnon?" Philip exclaimed.

"Nay. To visit one mightier."

"But is any in all Achaia mightier than Agnon?"

"No mortal, maybe. But we go not to visit a mortal. We go to seek counsel of Apollo himself!"

"At his temple in Delphi?"

"Yea, at his temple hard by the ancient city of Phocis."

Philip started, and stared. He had heard of the Oracle of Delphi, most famed in the land, whose mystic utterances had guided so many high destinies. But never had Philip supposed that his feet would tread that sacred ground upon the slopes of Parnassus, or that his ears would hear the terrible voice of the god as it was believed to issue through the lips of the Pythia, his priestess.

Serial Story by Gunby Hadath

"Dost thou go," he said, full of awe, "to consult the god about the writing, O master?"

"So you have heard of that also?" "As all of us have, master. There is much talk of the runner who melted from sight after bringing thee a message in his cleft wand. It is said—"

"Never mind what is said," interjected Leonidas. "We go, you and I, to inquire of Apollo himself what the warning portendeth. Take heed that your courage faileth not in the god's presence."

"I will do my best," Philip said. "But should the Oracle pronounce against thee wilt thou withdraw from the chariot-race?"

He was trembling with anxiety, for, Furies or no Furies, had the decision rested with him, his beloved steeds should play their part at Olympia. "O master," he pressed, when Leonidas preserved silence, "wouldst thou break their gallant hearts by keeping them back? They toss their heads, they arch their necks, in their pride of thee. So fearless they are, exulting already in victory. I repeat, wouldst thou break their hearts at the bidding of mere words on a small wooden tablet?"

"Peace!" frowned his harassed master. "Be off and equip yourself, leaving grave resolves to older heads. It is not well for man to strive with the Fates."

CHAPTER 8

The Mystery of Delphi

As they were starting Philip asked how far it was to Delphi.

Leonidas, who was driving a grey mare inclined to laziness, let his goad fall lightly across her withers before he replied. Then, puckering his brow, he suggested that at the pace they were likely to make it would prove the better part of a long day's journey. "Tonight," he said, "we shall rest at the house of Hyllus, my kinsman. Tomorrow at dawn we push onward."

It was a long trek to the homestead of Hyllus, fringed by orchards and myrtles, but a pleasant rain was descending to lay the dust, and after a halt to refresh themselves from the nobly stocked wallet which Leonidas had caused to be placed in the wagon, they reached their destination before

the first stars peeped, and received a hearty welcome from Hyllus, a tub of a man, with the merriest pair of eyes that Philip had seen.

"But wherefore, my Leonidas, didst thou send me no word of thy coming, that I might have prepared for thee?" he exclaimed. "Couldst thou not have sent a runner ahead?"

At the mere mention of a runner the farmer's ruddy face paled, and he lost no time in confiding the trouble which brought him.

"Thou hasn't come in apt time," remarked Hyllus, when he had heard. "Only once every month doth Apollo visit his temple; which is kindlier than it used to be in the olden times, when he vouched his presence but once a year. Nor are all days favourable for consulting the Oracle, but tomorrow, with the moon near its full, he will hear thee. Indeed, one passed this way yesterday who had been to consult him, and reported that the utterance had gladdened his ear."

"Then pray that it gladden mine also," muttered Leonidas. He uttered a sigh. "But lead on," he entreated. "I famish."

"Thou hadn't naught to eat by the way!" exclaimed Hyllus, concerned.

"But a snack from my wallet," protested Leonidas.

"Poor fellow! For thou wast ever an excellent trencher-man. Haste, then! For the seethed kid smokes on the table. My good dame hath prepared it with her own hands."

"How fareth thy gracious Nausicaa?"

"She fareth right well, though her hair be no longer so sun-kissed as it was when she laid a tress on the altar of Athene while I was making my offering of twined herbs and grasses."

"You are harking long back to your bridal day, Hyllus, my friend. Now fain would I salute Nausicaa apace."

"Or the seethed kid," Hyllus said, laughing. And, beckoning Philip, he tucked his arm under his kinsman's, and together the three of them went into their supper.

At daybreak they were off again. Midday approached as Mount Parnassus drew itself out of the distance and began to loom above them, silent and crowned with one cloud.

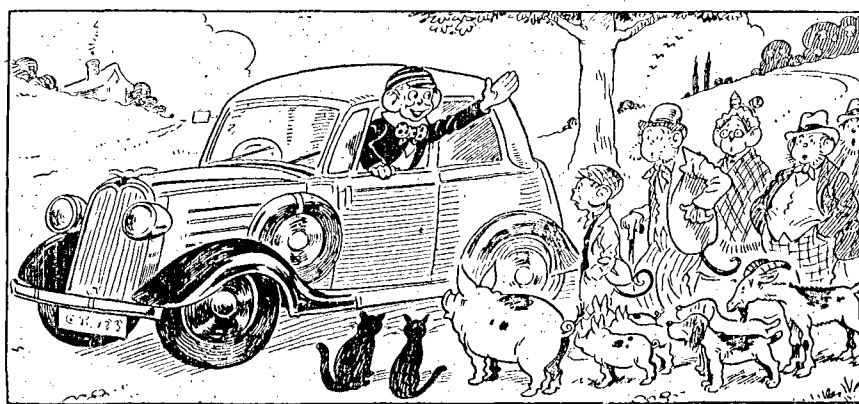
"We leave our cart and steed below," whispered Leonidas.

So presently, having tethered the mare to a tree with her nosebag, they began to mount on foot, exchanging no words,

JACKO CAUSES A COMMOTION

JACKO was delighted when a wireless shop was opened down the street. He spent hours hovering outside listening to the loudspeakers. Then he ventured to go inside, and very soon he and the radio man were good pals.

"I'm going to be a wireless expert when I grow up," Jacko told him one afternoon. "I feel I've got that bent."



The saucy lad grimaced through the window

"Now what's bent?" demanded Mr Shindy, who was slightly deaf.

Jacko didn't answer; he was admiring a fine new portable set which had just come in.

"Grand set, that is," agreed Mr Shindy. "I'm taking it by car into the country. Like to come with me?"

"Coo! Wouldn't I!" beamed Jacko.

They soon started off, with Jacko sitting in the back to hold the instrument steady. For miles they sped through country lanes and little old-world villages.

"Guess there are folks in these parts who've never heard of wireless," remarked Mr Shindy. Then he pulled up

outside a sleepy-looking inn and said that they were going in for tea.

Jacko was tucking into some excellent buns and honey when they heard a lot of shouting outside.

"Quick!" cried the innkeeper. "There's a row going on out there. Sounds as if someone's getting hurt."

They rushed out, and found a little

crowd collected a safe distance away.

Old men, women, and children, two dogs, a goat, and some cats. Even a fat sow had strolled up with her piglets to see what the fuss was about.

"Hi! There's folks fighting inside that motor," bellowed one old man.

"We dursn't go near."

"Fetch the police!" shouted another.

Jacko jumped into the car, and the noise inside promptly stopped.

Then the saucy lad grinned through the window.

"Calm yourselves, my friends," he cried. "The row you heard was a football match on the wireless. I'd left the switch on by mistake!"

Leonidas making more than one halt in his nervousness, which increased as they were nearer the god's awe-full presence. They met no one coming down, the stillness increased, and high in the blue sky above them that single cloud hung.

Then they came to a grove of laurels girding the slopes, when Leonidas whispered that they were approaching the precincts. After this they passed more laurels, with yews and black cypress, thence emerging at last on a plateau surrounded by precipices, which fortified it, and the glimmering city of Delphi beyond, more powerfully than any art could have done.

In this plateau was a deep cave, a strange hole in the earth, of great size. At one side of this cavity, and apparently overhanging it, stood a temple more beautiful than any, except possibly in Athens.

Leonidas removed his sandals, and motioned Philip to do likewise. Then, advancing with bated breath, they entered the temple.

The suppliant had brought with him his offerings, an ornament of silver and an ornament of gold, and after the priest who received them had taken these he conducted them silently along the length of the temple to a dim recess, or cave, at its end, where they halted, and, as soon as they mastered the gloom, they distinguished, within some ten paces of where they stood, a tall iron tripod straddled across a new cavity. To cover this cavity a skin had been stretched, and through a hole in it a thin, misty vapour was rising.

Rising as straight as the lightest smoke of a chimney on a still day, it floated up the legs of the tripod above it.

They were alone. Their conductor had vanished. Yet his voice came mysteriously. "Stand fast," it commanded. "And speak."

"Of what shall I speak?" said Leonidas in trembling accents.

"Of that which hath brought thee."

So Leonidas opened his lips, but no speech would come, for his voice failed and fell in his throat.

Then did beads of perspiration break out on his brow, and his ruddy features had taken the colour of ashes. For his hour had struck; he was putting all to the test; in a few minutes now he might hear his ambition extinguished. In that awful moment he regretted that he had come. His spirit failed him; very nearly he turned and fled.

The simple farmer might have taken some comfort had he been aware that these alarming sensations which had begun to devour him now that his mission came to its head were the same sensations experienced on this dread spot by many mortals more worldly-wise than himself, and by many whose courage had proved itself on the field of battle. Conquerors had quailed here; warriors had trembled as leaves tremble. Statesmen whose coolness in mortal affairs none could question had been overcome by nerves here, and had faltered as he was faltering.

Then he felt Philip's hand touch his own; and his spirit revived.

Nay, he must not show the white feather before this lad. He drew a deep breath and, clenching his fists till the nails bit into the flesh, he raised his voice and sent it into the gloom.

"O Mighty Apollo!" he cried. "O Lord of the golden bowl! O Revealer of Destiny! O Son of Zeus, the sceptre-wielder, wide-ruling! I, Leonidas from Elis, the son of Antigonus, of mean estate, now invoke thee! Give heed to my plea!"

He paused, and then his ringing tones sounded anew.

"Hear, then, O Mighty Apollo! If I, Leonidas, shall send to Olympia my four steeds whiter than milk to strive in the chariot-race, shall fortune accompany them? Or shall the vengeance of the Furies fall on my head?"

Then, drawing another deep breath, he called in a great voice, "O God of Song and of Prophecy! Be thou my Oracle!"

He had finished.

When only the deepest silence responded he whispered to Philip, "It seemeth the god hath no ears for us."

And the sacred tripod loomed through the semi-darkness, with the wreaths of misty vapour rising around it.

"Ask again," whispered Philip at last.

So, his stout resolution prevailing over his fears, Leonidas invoked the god for the second time.

But once more there was no answer.

"Perchance," murmured Philip, "thou needeth to inquire thrice. Try once again, then, O master."

Leonidas did so.

He had scarcely ceased when the floor rocked under their feet, and at the gates of the temple a rushing wind shook the laurels.

TO BE CONTINUED

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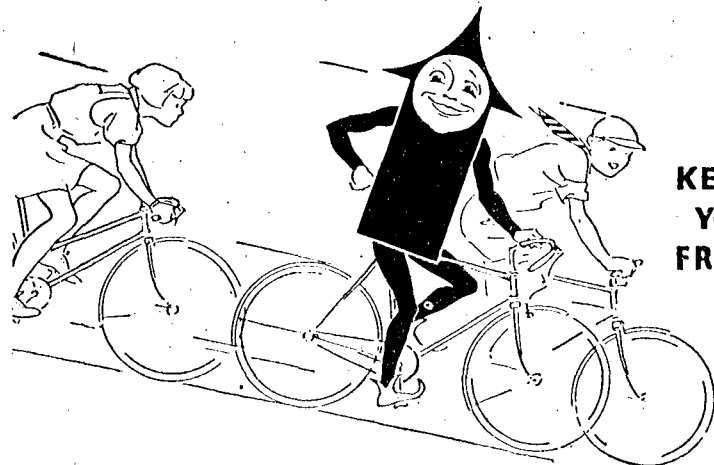


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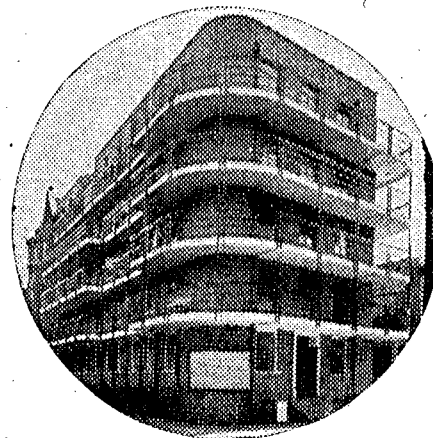
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September 12, 1936

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THE BRAN TUB

Transposition

I AM fat and well favoured when made up complete, Curtail, and you'll find me quite wholesome to eat; Restore me my tail, and in lieu take my head, Like feathers I'm light, or as heavy as lead. *Answer next week*

This Week in Nature

STARLINGS are now gathering in great numbers and preparing for their winter migration. Not all starlings leave us for the winter, those remaining probably being arrivals from Sweden and Norway, driven here by the snow to more agreeable feeding-grounds. The starling is almost as familiar as the sparrow to town dwellers for it is not a timid bird. It is a great friend of the farmer and the gardener for it destroys enormous quantities of ground pests.

Ici on Parle Français



La tulipe. Le treillis. Un arrosoir.
tulip. trellis. can.

Papa est très fier de ses tulipes. Il y en a une rangée près du treillis. Je vais chercher un arrosoir pour les arroser.

Daddy is very proud of his tulips. There is a row of them by the trellis. I will fetch a can and water them.

His Theory

TEACHER: Why are the days longer in summer than in winter?

Boy: Because it is warmer and the heat makes things expand.

Hidden Flowers

IN each of these sentences the name of a flower is hidden.

It is always profitable to read good prose.

John plays the bass viol, Ethel the violin.

When the King is on the dais you will see him.

Tell Jane money is not everything. *Answer next week*

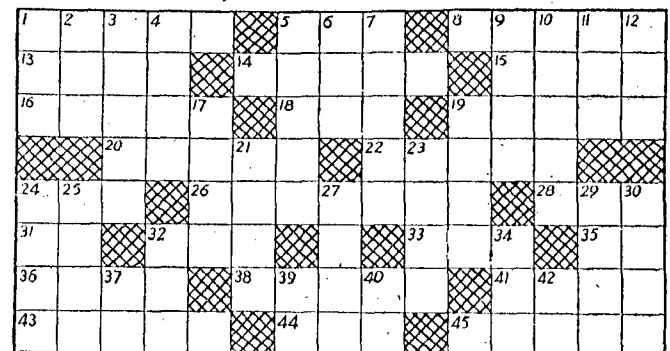
A Pretty Idea

WHERE harvesting or threshing is going on you can often pick up some ears of wheat, oats, or barley. Choose those with a nice piece of stalk. Now put some water into a jar, and in this place the golden ears with the stalks upward. Leave them soaking for about a day and then put them

The CN Cross Word Puzzle

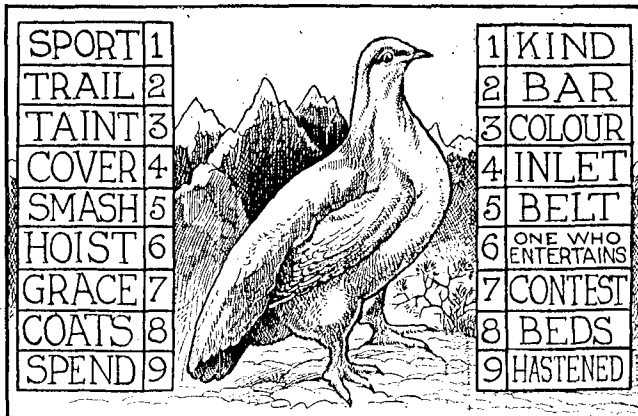
Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues below. *Answer next week*

Reading Across. 1. Perception of flavour. 5. A knight's title. 8. A player. 13. Wheels are fixed on this. 14. To scour with a brush. 15. A long-eared rodent. 16. Rings out. 18. Snake-like fish. 19. Fatigued. 20. A jester. 22. To emit by volcanic action. 24. Request. 26. A skilled worker. 28. Earth's luminary. 31. Company. 32. A monkey. 33. A jewel. 35. Negative. 36. Underground part of a plant. 38. This is sometimes called saltpetre. 41. To leave out. 43. A common anaesthetic. 44. Part of the foot. 45. A sudden heavy flood in a mountain stream.



Reading Down. 1. To strike a gentle blow. 2. Tool used for splitting timber. 3. Loose. 4. To narrate. 5. Odour. 6. Wrath. 7. Laws. 9. To cut into small pieces. 10. Pastries. 11. A mineral from which metals are obtained. 12. A primary colour. 17. This cleanses when used with water. 19. A melody. 21. A bird and a great architect. 23. Violent anger. 24. A land measure. 25. Found in the chimney. 27. A compound preposition. 29. A single one. 30. A mark in a margin of a book. 32. Devoured. 34. Used for cleaning floors. 37. An exclamation. 39. Pronoun. 40. Royal Engineers. 42. Child's name for mother.

What is This Bird's Name?



TAKE away one letter from each word on the left so as to leave a word described in the corresponding space on the right. The nine letters taken away will then form the name of the bird shown in the picture. *Answer next week*

the right way up into a vase without water. If you soak the ears for five minutes each day, before long the grains will start to sprout, and will become in time beautiful masses of feathery greenery. These will keep fresh and pretty for a long while if you do not allow them to become dry.

Washing Day

OH dear! said Mrs Centipede, 'Tis washing day tomorrow. A clothes-line I shall really need To beg, or buy, or borrow.

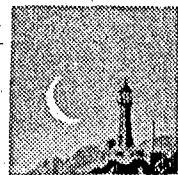
With quite a hundred pairs of socks

That must be washed and mended, As well as pinafores and frocks, My work is never ended.

The spider has a line, I know, Because I saw her spin it. Perhaps she'll lend it me? I'll go And ask this very minute.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Jupiter is in the South-West, Saturn is in the South-East, and Venus and Mercury are in the West. In the morning Mars is in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 7.30 a.m. on Sunday, September 13.



The Humble-Bee

A FAMILIAR object of the countryside is the humble-bee. In this country there are some 17 species all having the same furry body and stout build. Probably the best known are the large black, red-tipped, stone humble-

bee and the black-and-brown barred earth humble-bee. These bees visit fruit blossom, as well as wild and cultivated flowers.

In New Zealand farmers formerly had great difficulty in obtaining adequate supplies of red clover seed. In 1884 a number of humble-bee queens were sent out. As a result of this and subsequent experiments a few species successfully established themselves, and a crop of clover seed was obtained.

They Tell Me I'm Lazy

THEY tell me I'm lazy, but how Can they say it, wept old Mrs Cow,

When each hour, to their knowing, My jaws have been going, From the day I was born until now!

Lost and—Found?

LITTLE Jack was lost on a crowded beach. "Have you seen a lady about here?" he asked the chair attendant.

"Yes, sonny, several," replied the man.

"But I mean a lady without a little boy," persisted Jack.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then please take me to her quickly. I'm the little boy."

How Palestine Got Its Name

PALESTINE means the land of strangers, the word coming from another word meaning "to wander." The country is called also the Holy Land, Canaan, and the Land of Israel.

At the Party



I THINK you've sampled everything, Bill! And I know it's a bit of a squeeze. Still, if you're sure it won't make you ill, May I press some more jelly? Yes, please!

Beheading

BENEATH a beast, and you will find A larger beast is left behind. This is wonderful, you'll say; A greater wonder I'll display. Behead this larger beast, and then, Instead of one, you'll find I'm ten. *Answer next week*

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Transposition. Wreck, crew.

Charade. Lifeboat.

Beheaded Word. Scream, cream, ream.

Tales Before Bedtime

An Unexpected Ride

AS long as he could remember Jack had always played with Jill, who lived next door. Now that was all to be altered, for Jack's father had said that they were to leave their old home and were going to live in the country.

Jack didn't want to leave Jill. And Jill was very unhappy too.

"I shall have nobody to play with when you are gone," she said. "It will be dull."

And then Jack had an idea. "Listen, Jill," he said. "Let's run away, and then we can always stay together."

They took hands, and ran out of the garden gate and down the road.

No one missed them, not even at teatime, for Jack's mother thought he was with Jill and Jill's mother thought she was with Jack.

The two runaways went on as fast as they could until they were in streets where they had never been before.

"I am so tired," said Jill. "Do you think we could have a rest now?"

Jack looked about him, but there was nowhere to sit down. They wandered on a little farther, and presently they came to an empty furniture van standing by the kerb.

"We could both have a rest and hide in there," said Jack.

The two children scrambled in and covered themselves with the cloths in the van. Jill was so tired that in two minutes she was fast asleep.

She was awakened by Jack shaking her and crying: "Wake up, Jill! Wake up!"

Jill woke up instantly, and was terrified to find that it was dark and that the van was running swiftly along the road.

"You see, Jill, I fell asleep too," Jack told her, "and the noise of the van woke me up."

Just then the van stopped, and the driver, who was looking at his map, was startled to hear a child crying and a voice somewhere close behind him saying, "Please, we want to go home."

He came round to the back, and was astonished to find the two children. After Jack had told him the story he said, "Well, this is a pickle! I think I had better take you to the police station."

Although he looked quite kind, Jill was frightened when she heard this.

She need not have been afraid, for the policeman was very good to them. He telephoned to Jack's father, and then found biscuits for them to eat.

After all, they had not travelled very far, and Jack's father soon arrived in his car to take them home again.

THE WORLD'S CLEVEREST TOY



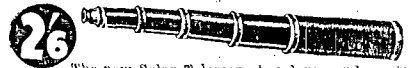
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